REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

November

10¢

Janet Gaynor

JANET GAYNOR ANECDOTES

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S LIFE STORY

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Sob sister

He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in *him!* Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.





THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX

OCT 22 1931

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REFLECTING THE MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME TWO NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

NOVEMBER NINETEEN THIRTY ONE

ELIOT KEEN
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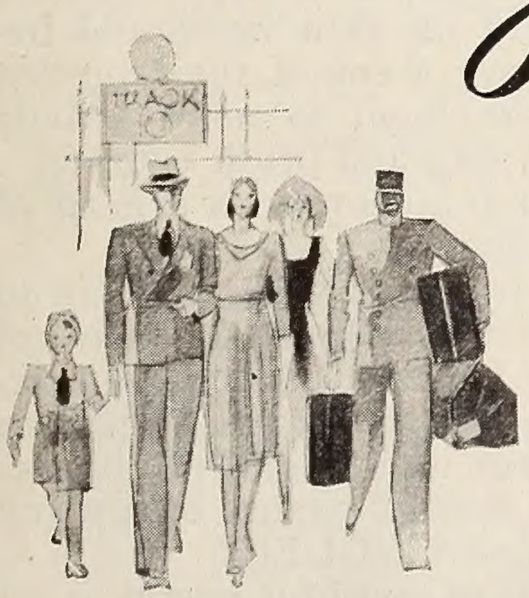
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COVER PORTRAIT OF JANET GAYNOR BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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THESE *Good times* LAST ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND!



What if vacation days are over? There are plenty of good times to be had! And you don't have to leave town for them either! They're at the nearest theatre to you that plays Paramount Pictures regularly and often. You get great entertainment—change, adventure, rest, relaxation—what we all of us need, all the time!

So don't lose that holiday feeling! Have your good times all the year 'round. And when you go, make it a family affair! There are Paramount Pictures for all—young and old alike—and they were never better than now! Watch for your theatre announcements. *"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Beauty's First Law



Judith Wood with the magic jar that keeps her kissable

"While There's Life There's Soap!"

By

MARY LEE

NOW that romance is having a renaissance—a rebirth in Empress Eugenie styles for the winter—beauty to accompany it becomes not a luxury, but a necessity! Quickly!

Would that we could invoke some magic that would instantly serve us on a mystic platter, a soft voice, a gentle manner, and a petal-like skin to go with the new dresses and hats. Imagine ostrich feathers and sunburn! Mutton-leg sleeves on a bold-eyed girl who stands with her feet apart! Coarse pores and too much make-up under those darling little hats that dip over one eye! Help! Help!

The most powerful enemy of beauty is dirt—plain old-fashioned everyday DIRT! (It is also the most common enemy.) A soiled neckline and blackheads have wrecked more golden opportunities for women both in marriage and in business than any other one thing.

Beauty is an illusion of loveliness all too easily shattered by a dark line under a finger-nail.

Your skin needs a deep-pore cleansing every single day. No one method agrees with every skin. There are creams, light and liquefying, dissolving lotions to loosen imbedded soil, a fluffy cream that disappears into the skin mysteriously only to appear again (after gentle rubbing) as tiny soiled particles easily brushed away leaving the skin quite moist and soft (something new). There are gentle, pure soaps for those who can use them to advantage.

Any complexion disturbance indicates a wrong method of cleansing. If you have not been able to find just the right cleanser for your own skin write me a full description of complexion and the result of what you have been using and I will gladly advise you as to the best way to proceed.

A clean skin is a healthy skin. It can breathe, the pores can expand and contract making your skin finer-grained and more satiny. A pore discouraged by a load of soil it is unable to throw off becomes relaxed and enlarged and becomes the logical resting place of more dirt. Never use harsh methods in squeezing out such a deposit. You may injure the tissues around the pore so that it cannot contract even after the cleansing.

To refine enlarged pores is entirely possible but it can be accomplished by persistent effort. There are good pore creams and astringents to be had that are a wonderful help in that direction.

But cleanliness is the best preventive and also the best corrective. Bathe every day. Most of us do bathe every day and some of us only think we do. To jump in and out of a shower is called a bath by a lot of thoughtless people. They refuse to recognize that the pores not only breathe in oxygen but that they are also tiny organs of elimination. After they have done their work of depositing systemic poisons and refuse on the surface of the skin we should frequently relieve them of their burden and stimulate them to more activity by thorough soap and brush bathing.

And what is so lovely as a head of clean, silky hair?

Plenty of soap and water will put to rout this first and greatest enemy of beauty. But right on his heels is a second scavenger that not only threatens your looks at the moment but undermines the future. If I were an artist I would draw a picture of a many headed dragon and name it—FATIGUE!

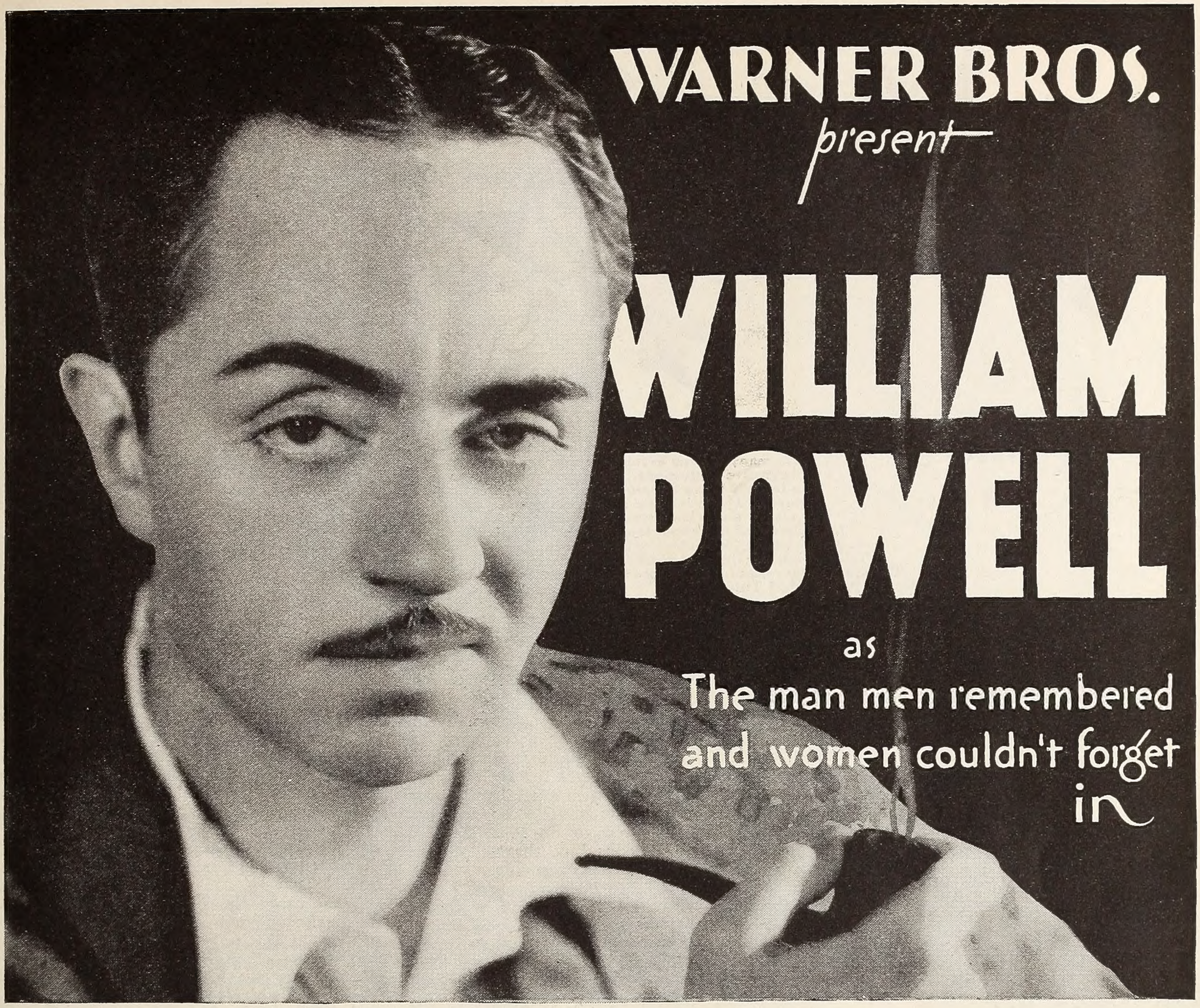
Just because we have a lot of youthful energy is no reason we should drain it out as we do so heedlessly. It is much easier to hold youth by guarding it than it is to regain it. But how in the world can we impress the youngsters with this fact?

Listen to me, you gorgeous, young things! It takes a reserve of strength to combat shadows, lines, skin dryness, dull eyes, drooping posture and the physical inefficiency that destroys beauty.

Young women should rest [*Continued on page* 81]

Mary Lee Will Help You to Beauty Free

Just write to Mary Lee and she will help you with your personal problems of beauty —weight, skin, hair. If you would like her personal advice send her a stamped and addressed envelope. Mary Lee's address is care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City



The ROAD to SINGAPORE

DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH

Based on a play by Roland Pertwee
from a story by Denise Robins

Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN

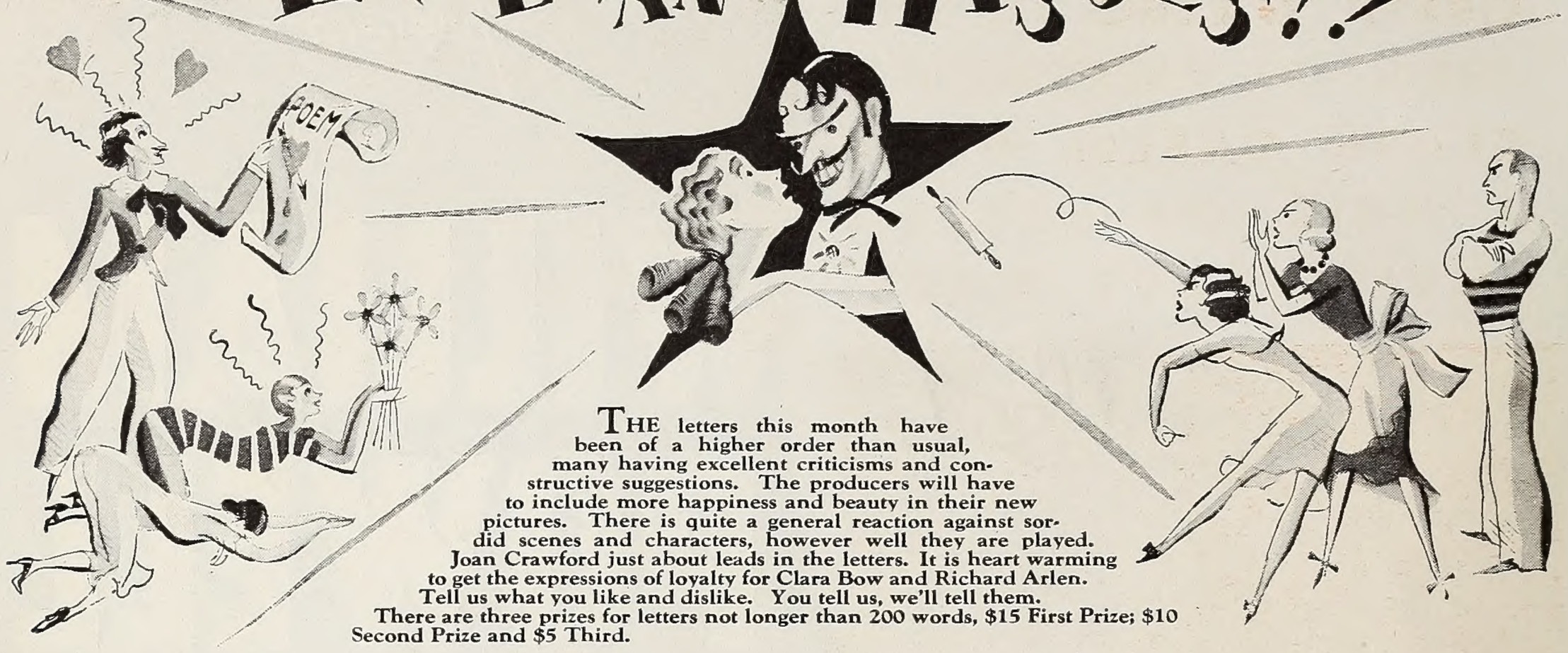


A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover!...See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a langorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in The Road to Singapore—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

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A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

LOVE AND HISSES!!



THE letters this month have been of a higher order than usual, many having excellent criticisms and constructive suggestions. The producers will have to include more happiness and beauty in their new pictures. There is quite a general reaction against sordid scenes and characters, however well they are played. Joan Crawford just about leads in the letters. It is heart warming to get the expressions of loyalty for Clara Bow and Richard Arlen. Tell us what you like and dislike. You tell us, we'll tell them. There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words, $15 First Prize; $10 Second Prize and $5 Third.

FIRST PRIZE

Minneapolis, Minn.

I HAVE just enjoyed seeing Constance Bennett in "The Common Law" and she is marvelous again. It is sufficient just to look at Miss Bennett. She is exquisite.

But what I would like to know is why admirable and influential stars are given rôles so horribly modern that younger girls, who literally worship them, are given the impression that the *Free Soul* and *Free Love* idea is the accepted thing. Of course, no one wants the movies to turn missionary, that is the other extreme. Miss Bennett is charming and captivating in every rôle, but can't we have "smart" pictures that don't go "just too far"?

Myrna Clark

SECOND PRIZE

Cleveland, Ohio

BEING born in the slums of this city I don't think there is anyone in the U. S. who loves the man who invented talkies more than I do.

I am the oldest of eight children (I am nineteen now). When I was thirteen years old I had to go to work so we could have enough to eat. I didn't know much and couldn't speak English correctly.

Like most girls born in poverty, I was always wishing for the better things of life. One day I decided to keep a few dollars of my pay and go to night school. I wore funny looking dresses and I was snubbed by every one in my class. Of course, this hurt. I didn't give up though, and when I was seventeen I went to my first talkie. To my surprise I found the answer to my problems.

I go to see every Joan Crawford picture and I try to talk the way she does. I sew rather well and when I have time I copy her dresses. I am proud to say that now I am popular, have pretty clothes, and am private secretary to one of the wealthiest men in town. No one will believe that I have educated myself through the talkies. I had to tell someone of my happiness, that is why I am writing to you.

Margaret Demins

(Margaret—Please send us your street address.)

THIRD PRIZE

Henderson, Tenn.

I HAVE just witnessed the showing of Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners". I don't blame the producers for not allowing Joan a vacation and calling her back to the studio to start immediately on another picture. They need to do something to cover up the hideous blot they've put on Joan by giving her such a picture.

Frankly, I've been an admirer of Joan's for many years. When I think of her, I like to think of luxurious clothes, refinement, poise, aristocratic environment, intelligent thinking, and not of the low bred night club dancer, meeting traveling men in cheap hotels, asking nothing but his time for a few hours. Give us Joan in something which has refinement—she'll do the rest.

J. Howard Swaim

AUNTIE-IN-WONDERLAND

St. Paul, Minn.

During the hot summer months my spinster aunt was shopping and was nearly overcome by the heat. She was a queer old soul who always declared the movies a menace to the world. On this particular afternoon the heat made her very ill, and when she saw a sign, "It's Cool Inside", she was only too glad to go inside to get away from the sweltering streets. A courteous usher showed her to a luxurious seat where it was most delightfully cool, and she sank into its depth with a sigh of relief. As she rested with her eyes closed she heard a song, a pleasing song. She opened her eyes and saw a man smiling, singing and laughing. It was Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant". She was crazy about him. She liked Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert and thought they were both mighty fine.

As the picture ended she left the theatre in a daze. She had been transported into a new world—a world she had never known existed. On the way home she bought a SILVER SCREEN to read the reviews on the pictures and the gossip about the stars. Now it's a problem to keep her home as she races off to see Garbo, Novarro, Shearer, and others nearly every day.

Alice Behling

TO ARMS!

New York City

IF THEODORE DREISER felt sore when he saw how his masterpiece, "An American Tragedy", had been maltreated by the cinema people who had reproduced his novel as a film, just think how Mark Twain would have felt if he had been alive today to see what happened to his immortal "Huckleberry Finn" in motion picture form!

What cared the sponsors of the picture if, in the original story, Tom Sawyer appeared on the scene only in the opening and closing chapters? What cared they if the famous vagabond journey down the Mississippi on a raft was made by Huck Finn and the "runaway nigger", Jim, with Tom Sawyer not in evidence at all? The picture folks wanted Tom on that raft, and so they simply put him on it and remodeled a classic to suit themselves!

To the readers of Mark Twain the film is impossible and an insult to their intelligence.

Elsa Weslyn

SEZ YOU?

Conway, Ark.

CLARK GABLE has gone over big with every rôle assigned him. He is wonderful, and there's no question about it—he's destined for a big future. He is going to be M-G-M's next star, and it won't be long now.

I'll never forget the first time I ever saw him—he was the very fascinating *Jake Leuva* in "Dance, Fools, Dance". He impressed me greatly—and I remarked about him to the door boy as I left the theatre. From that day on, I became a genuine Clark Gable fan, and I'm going to stay one too!

Marian Morris

SEZ YOU?

Grand Island, Nebraska

CLARK GABLE—take him away! The only ones who like him are silly young girls who fall for anyone with grease in his hair.

Down with Gable and that goes for that Joel McCrea boy too. Bob Montgomery shall and always will lead in devotion of the fans.

Rex Nath

[*Continued on page* 64]

THE ONE AND ONLY GRETA GARBO IN THE ARMS OF FASCINATING CLARK GABLE! WHAT A PAIR OF SCREEN LOVERS THEY MAKE!



GRETA GARBO



Sold by her father, she runs away.



The circus owner shows his true colors!

magnificently thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—

SUSAN LENOX

(HER FALL AND RISE)

with an all-star cast including

CLARK GABLE Jean HERSHOLT
John MILJAN

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and be thrilled!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

ASK ME ANOTHER!

By

SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

MRS. MAC OF CANADA: Where in the world did you hear that awful gossip about Chevalier? It ain't so, ma'am, it ain't so! I saw Chevalier and his missus just a few months ago when they were sailing for France and a vacation, and Maurice didn't even have a pimple on his face much less a cancer. One year to live? How perfectly absurd. Maurice never looked healthier than he does now, and I have been seeing him lo these six years. So put your fears to rest and squelch that gossip the next time it comes floating your way. Monsieur will be back in America just any day now, and will leave immediately for Hollywood where he will make his next picture. Vicki Baum, the famous author whose "Grand Hotel" was the dramatic sensation of New York last winter, has been imported from Berlin by Paramount to write a scenario for Chevalier.

DOT B.: Janet Gaynor's real name is Laura Gainer, she is twenty-four years old, and married to Lydell Peck. Her next picture is "Delicious" in which she will again co-star with Charlie Farrell. Write Lew Ayres at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

BETTY OF SOUTH DAKOTA: Richard Dix is one of the famous Hollywood bachelors—of which there are very few left now as William Powell and Stuart Erwin both deserted the club this last summer, and are no longer eligible to wear bachelor buttons in their lapels. There has never before been such a dearth of bachelors in Hollywood since the village got itself started. Must be this here depression. There's a doctor in Irene Dunne's family—her husband. Nancy Carroll has one child—a little girl of six named Patsy.

DOROTHY S.: So Barbara Stanwyck is your favorite star. I like Barbara, too, and never miss any of her pictures. She's so natural, isn't she? Not a bit actressy or high and mighty—why she's just like the kind of girl you'd like to have for your best friend. And Barbara is as natural and friendly off the screen as she is on. Her real name is Ruby Stevens and she was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 16th, 1907. She has auburn hair and dark blue eyes and she is five feet five inches and weighs 120 pounds. She is married to Frank Fay. Barbara's next picture is "Safe in Hell" (of all places to be safe in!) By the way, did you see Clark Gable give Barbara a sock on the chin in "Night Nurse"? Clark certainly bangs those girls around, doesn't he? What a man!

PHYLLIS: Yes, Miriam Hopkins really plays the piano awfully well, but it was only "make-believe" in "The Smiling Lieutenant". You see Paramount has ideas on the subject and so they have their own official piano player. And can that boy rattle the keys! He's Johnnie Green and he has composed a lot of popular songs, among them the famous "Body and Soul".

ARTHUR: Margaret Livingston recently married Paul Whiteman and at present they are on their honeymoon. Nancy Carroll is still with Paramount, and if she doesn't walk off the set again (which is getting to be a Carroll habit) she'll soon complete "The Man I Killed" with Phillips Holmes. Betty Bronson's last picture to date was "Lover Come Back". Thanks for those kind words about my department, Arthur, and "ask me another" sometime.

ALENA: Gloria Swanson's next is "Tonight or Never" which is all about the private life of an opera singer—and Gloria has a chance to sing again, thank goodness. "Tonight or Never" is the famous Belasco's last play and was running on Broadway when he died. Gloria saw it on one of her visits to New York, liked it, and persuaded Sam Goldwyn to buy it for her. Louise Fazenda hangs up her hat at the First National studio.



It's the angelic expression that gives Ann Harding's salad the Thanksgiving flavor

JAY: Walter Huston plays the rôle of district attorney in "The Star Witness" and gives his usual wonderful performance. I thought he was marvelous in "The Criminal Code" and I'm glad you share my opinion.

BILLY, THE RED-HEAD: At present Alice White is on a vaudeville tour. Irene Delroy played the lead in "Follow Thru" several years ago when it was one of the season's best musical comedies on Broadway, but Nancy Carroll played the lead when it became a talking picture. Buddy Rogers was the hero and it was all done quite grandly in technicolor. Joan Crawford's real name is Billie Cassin and she was born in San Antonio, Texas. When she became a dancer at the Winter Garden in New York she adopted a stage name, and then when she was signed up for pictures she changed her name again. Here's betting that she won't change it again—though, of course, in private life she is Mrs. Doug, Jr.

G. E. H.: Wasn't Leslie Howard simply grand in "Five and Ten"? Of course the picture was rather poor but he certainly succeeded in making it entertaining. So he's your favorite now and you want to know something about him? Well, Leslie was born in London, April 24, 1893 and he has been interested in the stage ever since he can remember. Whenever he opens in a play in London they have to call out the police to keep his fans from mobbing him, and the New York theatre-going public is wild about him too. He has been in movies for a year now, his first picture being "Outward Bound"; and his next picture will be "Devotion" with Ann Harding. That ought to be a honey, for no two people know more about the art of acting than Ann and Leslie. He's five feet ten inches, weighs 145 pounds, has blond curly hair and blue eyes. And—alas—there is a Mrs. Leslie Howard.

GERALDINE: Gary Cooper is not married. Lupe Velez has been his girl for a long time, but recently they quarreled.

STELLARA: Ralph Graves played opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure". Did you see him in "Dirigible"? Yes, Clara Bow really had red hair when she first became a screen celebrity—but it has gone through several shades of red in the last few years. Karen Morley was in her sophomore year at the University of Los Angeles when the urge overcame her to quit college and go on the stage. She joined a repertory company in Los Angeles and being an ambitious girl decided to hunt for film work to fill in-between-theatre engagements. M-G-M gave her a small but important part in Greta Garbo's "Inspiration", and her performance was so perfect they immediately signed her on a long-term contract.



SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR *in* Palmy Days

with **CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD**

GREATEST *laugh* show on earth . . . see Eddie Cantor *making love* to the daughter of the American Doughnut King . . . see Eddie Cantor's lesson in *dunking* . . . see Eddie Cantor as an *efficiency expert* . . . see Eddie Cantor exposing the fake fortune telling racket. ¶ But there's even more than *comedy* to Palmy Days . . . it's the *successor* to "*Whoopee*" . . . from Samuel Goldwyn . . . with more comedy songs . . . more *glorious* girls, costumes, settings . . . and more of those Eddie Cantor *laughs*.

AN EDWARD SUTHERLAND PRODUCTION.

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

OUT-WHOOPEES 'WHOOPEE'

A Movie-Fan's Crossword Puzzle

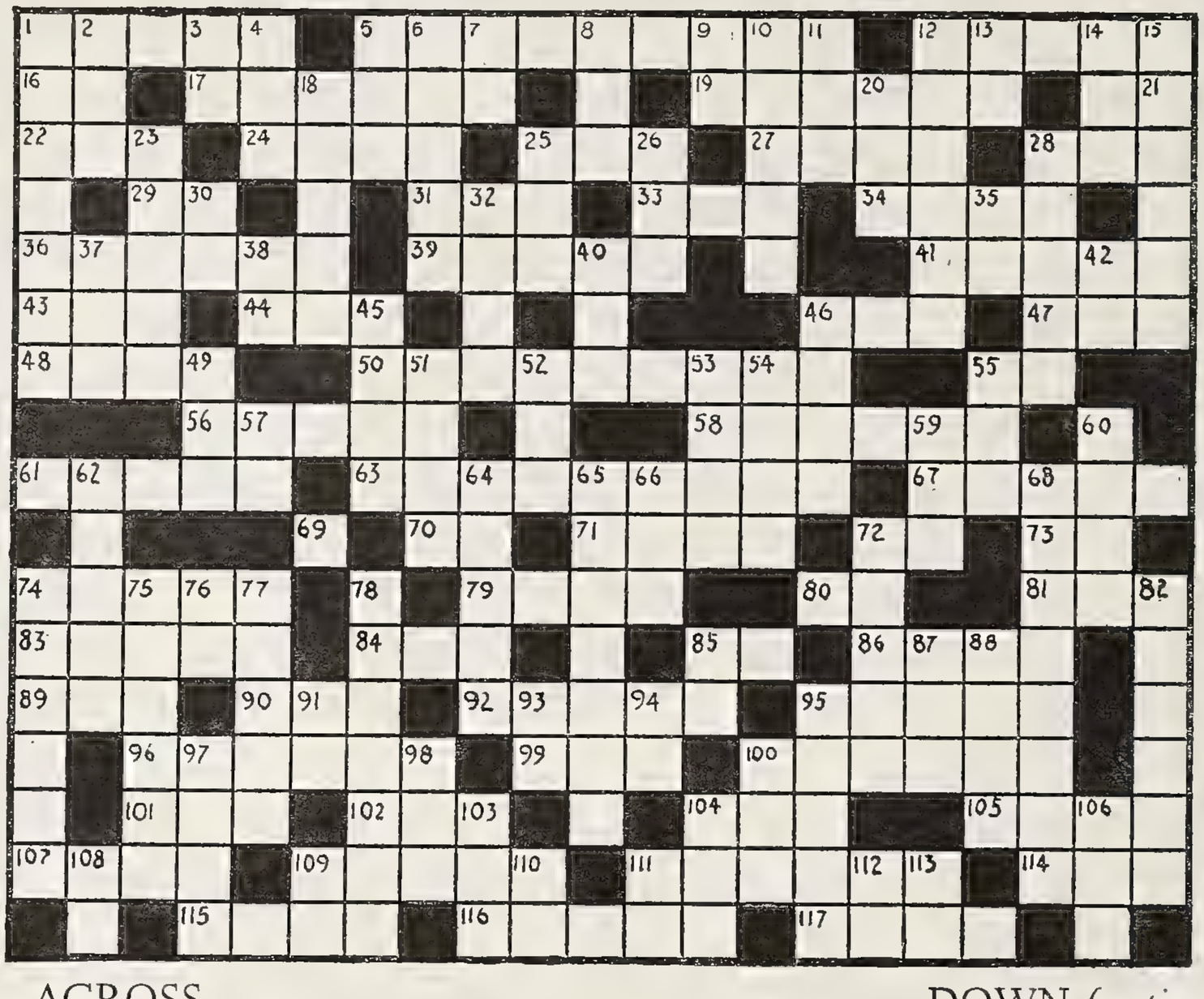
By Priscilla Bryant



8 DOWN



5 DOWN





28 DOWN



62 DOWN

ACROSS

1 A Fox player; her last name is Alcaniz
5 Sequel to "Beau Geste"
12 Her husband is Nick Stuart
16 Upon
17 To win affection
19 Pertaining to Arabia
21 Part of "to be"
22 A rodent
24 Rendered vocally
25 Producer of "Our Gang" comedies
27 Plays with Hardy in Hal Roach comedies
28 Sister (abbr.)
29 An exclamation
31 Before
33 A high priest or judge (Biblical)
34 A small depression made by striking or pressing
36 One of Hal Roach's stars
39 She is in a sanitarium in Arizona on the road to complete recovery
41 Jenny Lind in "A Lady's Morals"
43 A star of western pictures
44 Incorporated (abbr.)
46 A vegetable
47 And not
48 He stutters
50 She is going to have a really good part again in "Boarding School"
55 A diphthong of Latin origin
56 Worship
58 John Barrymore's leading lady in his last two pictures
61 A dirigible
63 The name of studios in New York and Hollywood
67 Mrs. Irving Thalberg
69 An article
70 Toward
71 A cardinal point; direction (Scot.)
72 A disinfectant
73 Early English (abbr.)
74 A beverage made from the juice of apples
79 A seam-stitch in knitting
80 Behold
81 A man's name
83 Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres are in this picture
84 Mother of all mankind
85 Mister (abbr.)
86 To fail to hit the mark
89 Went swiftly
90 He is in Radio Pictures
92 Auctions
95 Time
96 Fish-hooks
99 God of war
100 A cross-eyed comedian
101 The MGM lion
102 To steep or soak
104 An enthusiastic movie devotee
105 Rip
107 Naked
109 Suffers
111 Sooky in "Skippy"
114 To hurry
115 A term of affection
116 Norma Shearer's aunt in "Strangers May Kiss"
117 She is in "Fifty Million Frenchmen"

DOWN

1 Noreen in "Three Girls Lost"
2 She first appeared in talkies as Ann Rutledge in "Abraham Lincoln"
3 Not (French)
4 Answer (abbr.)
5 Bebe's husband
6 Fervent
7 A suffix
8 Julie Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway"
9 Each (abbr.)
10 A compound of arseniureted hydrogen and an organic radical
11 Latitude (abbr.)
12 A motion picture show
13 A prefix
14 A sash worn by Japanese women
15 He played with Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance"
18 A small hoofed mammal with rhinoceros-like molar teeth
20 Naughty
23 A topic
25 A domestic fowl
26 Her name is Dorothy, and her latest picture is "Laugh And Get Rich"
28 Graham in "Always Goodbye"
30 "Mammy's" boy
32 The girl in "Tabu"
35 Negative
37 Vehement
38 Note of the scale
40 An epoch
42 An international language proposed by E. P. Foster
45 A fresh-water food-fish
46 A comedienne; her last name is Kelton
49 He has an important part in "The Miracle Woman"
51 Tidy
52 A beverage
53 A river in N. E. Asia
54 To yawn (Scot.)
55 A prefix
57 Dorothy Peterson (initials)
59 Wife of Harry Bannister
60 He's in "Rebound"
62 Her husband is Phil Berg
64 Lassoes
65 The star of "Sally"
66 Lubricate
68 One who reasons
72 One who comes or arrives
74 The author of "Schoolgirl"
75 One of Will Rogers' sons in "Young as You Feel"
76 What; an interrogative
77 A jungle picture
78 Sue Carol's real name
82 Where the Austrians defeated Napoleon in 1809
85 Manuscript (abbr.)
87 A mischievous person
88 A pointed rod on which meat is turned and roasted before a fire
91 A Swedish comedian
93 Near
94 Suffix
95 Adjusted to a musical standard
97 To be in want of
98 A body of water
100 A flap
103 Prefix meaning three times
104 Enemy
106 A short-winged, web-footed bird of the northern seas
108 On a higher place
109 A college degree (abbr.)
110 Senior (abbr.)
111 Royal Navy (abbr.)
112 Concerning
113 Thallium (abbr.)

(*The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 76. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.*)

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun



LOOK!

Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "*E*very *G*ood *B*oy *D*eserves *F*un" —and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is *e*. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is *g*.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is *f*. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is *a*.

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No "tricks" or "secrets"—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You don't need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, *and enjoy every minute of it.*

You learn from the start—Previous training unnecessary

So clear and simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at only a few pennies a day!

You'll be amazed at your progress! You "get on" so quickly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don't be just "another one of the guests" at the next party you go to. *Be the center of attraction!* The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you'll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a *capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibis now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent". Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Pick Your Instrument

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Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

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Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

Send for our free book and demonstration lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 11911 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You Instrument?

Name

Address

City State

TALKIES *in* TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign posts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from.)



It is All-Saints' Eve and Saint Joan Crawford has cast a spell of witchery over Monroe Owsley

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Excellent
(Warners)

George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances. He plays the rôle of Alexander Hamilton, the great American statesman of the nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli". Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Great
(Paramount)

This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL
Splendid
(Fox)

Here's something new in masculine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be cur-razy about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BOUGHT
Splendid
(Warners)

Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the rôle of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Millard help her get them.

BRAT, THE
Good
(Fox)

A refreshing and appealing picture about a little street waif (Sally O'Neil) who is shoved into a night court because she is unable to pay for a meal. She meets a rich, handsome author there—and you know the rest. Frank Albertson is the heart throb.

CAUGHT
Good
(Paramount)

Louise Dresser brings that grand character of Calamity Jane, a tough gal of the Wild West, to the screen in magnificent fashion. Louise and her bad bandits are pursued by a noble youth (Richard Arlen) who turns out to be Louise's long lost son. Here's a heart-breaking situation for you. But Louise emotes without spilling over so it isn't the least bit silly. Frances Dee is Dick's girl.

COMMON LAW, THE
Good
(R.K.O.-Pathé)

A frankly sophisticated picture with Connie Bennett playing an artist's model who falls in love with an artist. His folks oppose their marriage so that's where the old common law enters. Connie again glorifies sin, making it most attractive. Joel McCrea is the artist.

PICTURES YOU REALLY MUST SEE

"This Modern Age"
—because of Joan Crawford. (Hot tips for lovers)

"An American Tragedy"
—to see Sylvia Sidney's expressive little face, and to see Irving Pichel, an actor

"Bad Girl"
—One of the great pictures with just enough hokum. Meet Mr. James Dunn

"Street Scene"
—because it is the new idea in pictures done perfectly

DADDY LONG LEGS
Great
(Fox)

Bring the whole family to see this. Janet Gaynor has a wistful, haunting appeal as the orphan who falls in love with Daddy Long Legs, her benefactor. The picture has pathos; it has humor; it has everything. Warner Baxter makes an interesting leading man, but it's Janet's picture.

FIVE AND TEN
Fair
(M-G-M)

This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren't burdened with a lot of stocks and bonds. Marion Davies, as a daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs off with a gigolo, and her brother commits suicide. But there's a happy ending.

FREE SOUL, A
Great
(M-G-M)

A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

FULL OF NOTIONS
Fair
(Radio)

Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work get hold of a drug store and run it in a rather hysterical manner. Dorothy Lee enters into the fun and it's all quite crazy with plenty of laughs. There are some new wise-cracks—and some old favorites.

GIRL HABIT, THE
Poor
(Paramount)

It isn't Charley Ruggles' fault that this picture isn't particularly funny for he is given no support at all. And the plot is as thin as a ham sandwich in an automat. All kinds of goofy things happen and Charley has his moments of delicious comedy, but on the whole it's only mildly amusing.

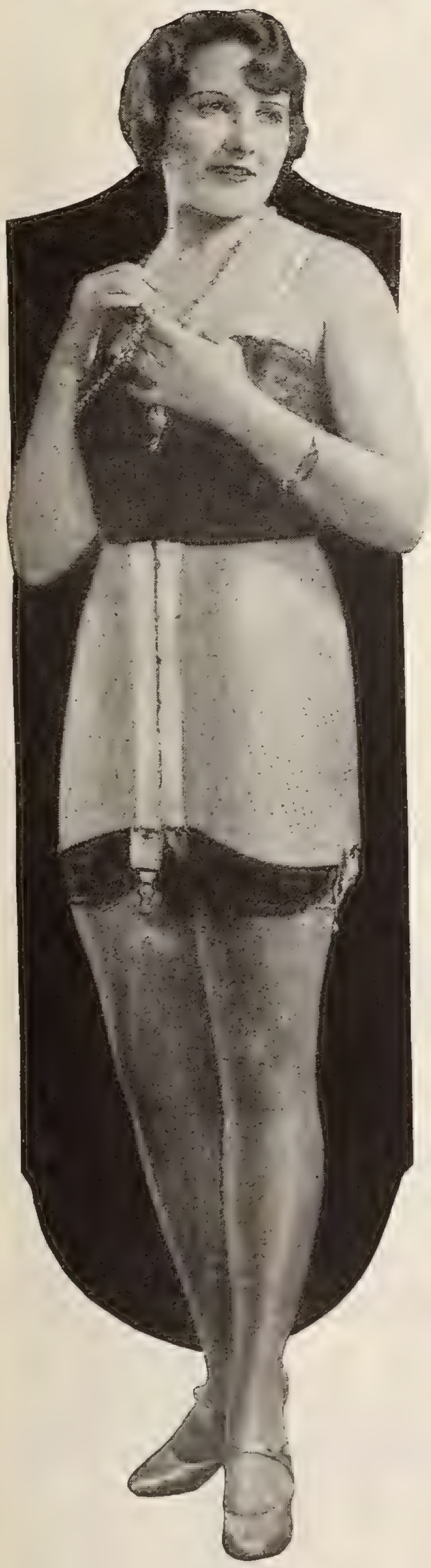
GREAT LOVER, THE
Good
(M-G-M)

The magnificent Menjou is a gay, adventurous opera singer in this picture, and he takes his love where he finds it until along comes an American girl (Irene Dunne). Menjou can offer the ambitious girl a glamorous career on the operatic stage and Neil Hamilton can offer her home and the love of an honest man. Who wins the fair Irene? Ernest Torrence and fascinating Baclonova are in the cast.

[*Continued on page 72*]

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips

~two to four inches in TEN DAYS



FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have ever seen—lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing.

Cool--- Comfortable--- Slenderizing

Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, *ventilated* girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function, as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that Perfolastic "gives" with every movement of your body. Made of finest quality pure, live, fresh plantation rubber, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

How Perfolastic Reduces

Long experience has shown that the safest, surest way to reduce is through massage, which breaks up the fat cells so that they can be absorbed and carried off by the circulation.

Perfolastic reduces through massage —*automatic massage*. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The instant you put it on you *look* slimmer, for it gently straightens out fleshy curves, gives you length of line, helps you stand erect. And, better still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off flesh*.

In an amazingly short time bulky hips and waist become slim and shapely —your figure regains the slender, straight lines of youth—you look and feel years younger. Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, waist and hips reduced two to four inches in TEN DAYS.

No Dieting—No Exercises

Think of what this means! No more wearisome dieting, no more tiresome exercises, no more bitter self-denial in a vain attempt to get thin. For with Perfolastic you can now regain a slender, youthful figure without the slightest discomfort.

Free Booklet and Sample

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn—*give Perfolastic* a trial. Write today for interesting FREE BOOKLET telling more about this remarkable girdle, and picturing the many delightful Perfolastic models, also sample of Perfolastic and full details about the 10-day trial offer and Money Back Guarantee. No obligation. Don't delay. Mail coupon below. NOW! Address *Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 4411, 41 East 42nd Street*, New York, N. Y.

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BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN YOUTH.... A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!
PUT IT IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR CURRENT MOVIE LIST
Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .
The growing boy and girl . . . lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART . . . and assuredly not a gang picture!
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer
Express
OUTHS ON TRIAL
COURT
"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Silver Screen's Movietown Topics



"Just a little more," says Leila Hyams, "if you want to be invited to our Thanksgiving Party." "Fat chance," replied Old Bronzie

AFTER six years on the Paramount lot, Buddy Rogers and his bosses have decided to part company. Everything friendly, of course, no fights or hair-pulling. Buddy's contract reaches an optional stage on December 1 and due to Buddy's insistence on certain monetary considerations it will not be taken up. Buddy will immediately become a "New Yorker" and direct his own orchestra in the New Yorker Hotel. A stage, band and radio tie-up will net him about $10,000 per week—which isn't bad for these depressing times. I could live on that—couldn't you?

Buddy began his film career in 1925 at the Paramount School, established at that time to develop new screen talent. Since then he has made countless Paramount pictures, and only one away from his home studios—that was when Mary Pickford borrowed him to play her hero in "My Best Girl". Before he leaves Paramount he still has to make "Mary Makes a Call" and "Working Girl". So there are two more chances to see Mrs. Rogers handsome son Charles. Wonder who'll take Buddy's place? It was sort of nice having him around, wasn't it? Well, see you in television, Buddy!

JACKIE "SKIPPY" COOPER has sent Tallulah Bankhead his autographed photograph. Tallulah is one of Jackie's most ardent fans and when "Skippy" was being shown in New York she went so many times she lost count.

THAT strong, silent man, Gary Cooper, whom so many women have "loffed" and lost has been seen in a lot of New York's sit-up-late places since he began "Blind Cargo" out at the Paramount Long Island studios. His companion-in-mirth has sometimes been Tallulah Bankhead, and sometimes Marjorie Wilson, but never that little gal they call Lupe. Of course, all the sob sisters and chatterers descended upon Gary at the studio and made it very clear that they would like to know just what happened between him and the Mexican hot tamale. But Gary is a perfect gentleman. "I only know what I read in the papers," he says with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Gary has been giving New Yorkers an extra thrill by appearing at most of the premieres, both cinematic and otherwise. Lil Dagover met him at the first night of the "Vanities" and was as delighted as a movie fan. And at "Street Scene" they had to call out the blue-coats to guard our Gary from lovelorn ladies who wanted just a lock of his hair or a handful of his tuxedo.

LIL DAGOVER has come over from Germany to do some acting for First National in Hollywood. The name of the first one is "I Spy". While the exquisite Lil stopped off in New York she was taken by a boastful friend to view the world from the top of the Empire State Building, which after all is the same height as the Eiffel Tower in Paris with which Lil is familiar. The New Yorker was going strong broadcasting the local points when Lil demurely asked, "When it rains in New York, does it snow up here?" It's hard to put anything over on a Dagover.

THE latest report from Cupid is that Russell Gleason has beat the time of Jack Oakie and other suitors for the lovely hand of Mary Brian.

They're seen together almost nightly.

THE latest news concerning Clara Bow that has reached these big ears of mine is that she will make "Impatient Virgin" for Universal and will receive $50,000. Dear me, just a mere trifle like that! If I ever saw that much money I'd probably die of heart failure—but I guess it's all in the day's work for Clara. Rex Bell is still head man among the boy friends, and it's beginning to look like the real thing this time.

[*More Movietown Topics on page* 48]

"Just One More

Only the Players Who Have Had Success—and Lost It—Know Its True Worth



There is a different Sally behind those eyes for they have looked upon the grim spectre of failure

"JUST one more chance just one more chance. . . . " Haunting, plaintive words whispered in the twilight of a Hollywood dawn when frail thoughts flit through the gray shadows of the mind. Sad words, that infinitely echo —"just one more chance." Little lost words, like frightened moths caught in the web of the years that pass. They are the cry of the Failures!

To fail is a miserable thing. It does something to the soul. At first you laugh and toss your head and gaily say it doesn't matter. But as week follows week and the "breaks" do not come you avoid the boulevards with their gay, chattering people and take to the back-streeets of life which eventually lead to the abyss of sorrow. Beyond that—nothing. Oblivion. "Just one more chance please, Oh, God. . . . just one more chance," you plead standing on the brink with white face and clenched hands.

In "The Magnificent Lie" Ruth Chatterton sings a blues song "Just One More Chance—To Prove I Love You." And the combination of the subdued sadness of the Chatterton voice and those mocking words haunted my dreams for many nights. Perhaps you've never known the pitiless shame of failure; perhaps you've never had to smother your sobs at night in a pillow to keep the world from hearing; perhaps you've never felt the hurt of silence—the letter that does not come, the phone that does not ring. Endless, tortuous days of waiting, waiting, waiting—for one more chance. If you've missed all this you're lucky—but you really haven't lived. I know. And so does Sally O'Neil.

There was a time, and it was only a few years ago, that Sally O'Neil was at the top of the ladder of Fame. One success, Marshal Neilan's "Mike," put her there, and "Sally, Irene and Mary" made her position more secure. Sally was sitting pretty. Her friends were legion, her home was a show place, her parties were expensive, her clothes and her cars were costly, her laughter was the gayest, and her escapades were the talk



A new day has dawned for every "type" actor in Hollywood because of Menjou's victory

"Chance"

By Elizabeth Wilson



Dolores Del Rio has finally secured one more chance to regain her lost glories

of filmdom. Her name was in lights! And then something happened. No one—and least of all Sally—knew just what. But the lights went out. Sally tried to laugh it off, pretend that it was only a delusion. And then suddenly a bare, unadorned, cruel fact stared her in the face—no one wanted her. She was a Failure. "Just one more chance," she begged, "just one more chance—please"

And Fate gave Sally another chance. But it was not presented to her on a silver tray with love and kisses. Oh, no. Sally had to fight for it. Little Irish Sally, fresh and wholesome as a morning breeze, took it on the chin again and again but she put up a good fight. She had made good once, and she knew she could make good again—if they'd just give her another chance.

I lunched with Sally recently at the Ritz Carlton (symbolical of success) and she told me her story. Tears came to her eyes as she talked and I knew she was thinking of slights, disappointments, and heartaches still too fresh to be aired in public.

"I never thought anything like that could happen to me," she said with a catch in her voice. "I had everything and I thought it would last forever. I simply couldn't believe I was on the skids at first. I knew I wasn't getting many calls from the studios, but I just supposed it was one of those things—and would soon pass. But when month followed month and no one offered me a part I began to wonder what was wrong with me. My voice recorded perfectly for talking pictures, I was young, I could act, I was the same Sally once in such great demand.

"Other girls with less than I had to offer were going right ahead. Why did they pick on me? Why? Why? Why? Was the public sick of seeing me? That was the impression I gathered from the different casting directors, and you can just imagine how that hurt. But I refused to believe it. I'd show them the public wasn't sick of me if they'd just give me one more chance, one more picture. But not a director in Hollywood could see it my way. Sally O'Neil was through.

"The first time I heard that I think I cried for a week. I thought I'd never be able to hold my head up again. I couldn't bear to be with those people who had shared in my success. I fancied that they were whispering to one another 'Poor Sally O'Neil—she's through.' I wanted to get away, to start life all over again. I knew that if I stayed on the outside of things in Hollywood I would soon lose confidence in myself. So Mollie and I went on a vaudeville tour—but our heart wasn't in it, and it wasn't much of a success. Back in Hollywood again— and broke—I found out a lot of sad truths about friends, and life, and myself. The mad, merry movie world whirled gaily past me, and never once stopped and invited me to dance. I was an outcast. 'Wonder what's become of Sally?' I'd read in the fan magazines, and see red. I'd show them what's become of Sally—if I only had the chance.

"Well, I thought I knew all about bad breaks by that time, but I was doomed to learn a whole lot more. The skids were under me all right and I was headed for the bottom with no stop-overs. Every day I would cheerfully say, 'Well, at least things can't be any worse,' and so help me, before sundown something more terrible than ever had happened. I can't talk about some of those things—but you know I guess about my brother Jackie—my favorite brother—and all that horrible publicity. I did everything I could for the poor kid—the trial took my last cent—but I couldn't save him from prison.

"There were a lot of other heartaches too. But I was determined to fight my way back. Without friends and money it wasn't easy. Besides I had the stamp of Failure on me—and that's worse than leprosy in Hollywood. But to make a long story short, my agent told me that it was rumored that Fox would re-make 'The Brat'. The rôle of the little street waif in that would be perfect for me. I thought that if I learned the part carefully and begged them to give me a test I might be able to convince them that I could do it. My last hope was 'The Brat'. I had reached the end. All I asked of life was just a chance to do 'The Brat'. I sat up all night memorizing the lines, and acted them over and over again, throwing my whole soul into the part. I knew I could do it.

"And would you believe it the next morning I read in the paper where Fox would produce 'The Brat' with Maureen O'Sullivan in the leading rôle. Talk about life's darkest moment. I just sat down and cried. A priest happened to be visiting [*Continued on page* 78]

Some Call Him a GENIUS



You will be delighted with him in "Waterloo Bridge"

Kent Douglass is sufficiently erratic, talented and fascinating to qualify

By Charles Grayson

HE IS called "Dubs" by his friends. He does not like his screen name of Kent Douglass. In New York he is known as Douglass Montgomery. But when he was signed by M-G-M it was thought wrong to have two Montgomerys in the studio publicity. And Bob was there first.

He talks incessantly and charmingly. His voice is husky yet resonant. His face is generally sunburned a bright cerise. For the past four years he has been the most consistently successful juvenile in the legitimate theatre.

He is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. Without ever having taken any exercise, he has a magnificent physique.

He was born in Los Angeles twenty-two years ago. He looks older than that because, as he says, of his habit of staying up late at night. He will not call it a day as long as there is anyone left up to whom he may talk.

He wears brocaded pajamas, the coats of which are fashioned like Russian blouses. The necks of these are never buttoned. He drives a grey old-fashioned Pierce-Arrow roadster, which may be heard coming for miles. His dog, Gaelic King, an Irish wolf hound, is the biggest dog in town. A combination of Dubs, the car and Gaelic King is about as calm and soothing as the fourth day of a major artillery bombardment.

He made his professional début at fourteen as Lionel Barrymore's son in a Los Angeles revival of "The Copperhead". In the cast there was an obscure young actor named Clark Gable. The run was short and Dubs went back to school plays.

He wears rough-neck sweaters and black-birds make dives at his bright blonde hair, searching for nest material. Extraordinarily healthy, he is most susceptible to colds. He takes one on the slightest provocation.

From Los Angeles High School dramatics he graduated to the Pasadena Community Theatre, where he made the greatest personal success yet scored in that splendid organization. At nineteen he was assistant director to the celebrated Gilmor Brown. He has a photograph of Brown inscribed "to the playboy of our western world".

His family is one of the oldest and best known in Southern California. His father is one of the Montgomery Brothers, of the famous jewelry concern. His mother is Leona Montgomery, prominent in social and musical circles. His uncle is F. H. Kellog, the financier.

From Pasadena he went to Los Angeles to play with Bert Lytell in "Silence", and to be featured in "Desire Under the Elms" and "Kempy". Then New York called.

He continually threatens to diet; but to a luncheon of tomato juice and chef's salad he will add pastry, ice cream and perhaps a lamb chop or two.

He made his New York début in "God Loves Us". Then "Daisies Won't Tell", with Pauline Lord. Then "Crime", with Sylvia Sidney, James Rennie, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Chester Morris. This play "made" both him and Sylvia Sidney.

Between pictures he lives at "Edgecliff", the family home in Pasadena. He has his own bungalow on the grounds. The floors of this cottage are painted a bright yellow, the walls are red, and so is the fireplace, the phonograph, the picture frames and the spreads on the beds. A few steps away is the swimming pool, with close by a barbecue pit and a bar. His parties are invariably held out of doors, with the magnificent vista of surrounding hills as background.

He left "Crime" abruptly in the middle of its successful run. He has a prejudice [*Continued on page* 70]

Anecdotes of Janet Gaynor

There is no novice in any ecclesiastical order who has surrendered her life to service more completely than has Janet Gaynor. A potentially great actress she has offered her talents in sacrifice to continue the fanciful, unreal, maiden rôles which the public so delights to believe in



Deep coppery hair and dark burning eyes has Janet. They prevent ANY rôle from being sugary

By Myrtle Gebhart

JANET GAYNOR, bowing to public will, has accepted a career of fragile fantasy. She has agreed to go on playing "Seventh Heaven" rôles with variations of humor. Her poignant, silhouette voice even is raised again in a birdlike song.

Realizing that the cinema was chattering along without her elfin syllables and that her success so fiercely desired and so earnestly worked for was slipping into the past, she gave up a doomed idea. Drama was not for the "likes of her".

Janet has been the victim of much misrepresentation. Press agents "plugged" her pathos too insistently making her out an old-fashioned, obedient child. Interviewers—whom she won't see—take a kernel of pique and exaggerate it into a mountain of surmise.

The screen Janet recalls to us such archaic things as quaintness and sentiment and feminine frailty. She is a fragile figurine in a worn dress. A nimbus of pathos hangs around her.

The real Janet is a staccato personality, vibrant with an inherent *joie de vivre* and full of a smoldering fire. Piquancy ripples alive, into impishness; that ethereal poignancy melts into a glad spontaneity. Her very spirit is springy.

About her small person conflicting rumors eddy, due partially to her disinclination to grant interviews. She objects to the speculation about her domestic affairs. Yet, when questioned, she evades direct answers with such appealing persuasion that you can only smile indulgently.

Instead of weeping over Charlie Farrell's marriage, she is buoyant. Hurt, she wonders "why they write such things".

They never were in love, those two. Their simultaneous discovery and their shared isolation at first, fearful and awkward in the complex machinery of a spotlighted life where careers are shaped among webs of strange, new influences, welded them together in a charming friendship that has lasted many years. Babes in the Woods of Hokum and Hypocrisy they relied upon each other for strength in those moments of panic during adjustment to the levels of success. That was all. A publicity campaign sought to establish a romance, from the echoes of which neither has been able to escape. Though united again in their work, each has found a real life elsewhere and politely asks to be allowed to pursue it.

When things go awry, Janet sits quietly alone, reading Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" until she regains her balance. Only by a strain does she achieve a contemplative tranquility, schooling her impetuosity. A course in self-discipline has been going on back of her ingenuous childishness. These periods when she must commune with her deeper self are growing more infrequent.

Mostly, she is the comedienne, her days laced with laughter. It puzzles me that this facet of her personality has not been exploited. For no one is more fun. On the set she strums her uke and hums plaintive Hawaiian melodies to which she adds a sauciness. It is in her merry eyes, in the way her lips quirk and her shoulders arch; it threads her voice—so like a fawn's silvery whistle—with a gay banter.

Janet is one of those born flirts. When they lived in a small bungalow, it was the kid next door or the paper boy, and at the studio whichever worker chanced to be in radius, who was charmed into slavery by that coquettish playfulness.

Janet, at twenty-four, is firmly established. At the studio all is sweetness and light once more, the past forgiven. Proof of her prestige is the bestowal upon her of the Irish cottage dressing-room erected for John McCormack. It is being done [*Continued on page* 74]



Joan Crawford has one of the most expressive figures on the screen



An early Garbo picture. She had the quality from the beginning

WILLOWY

This is the Hollywood touch—this is the noticeable characteristic of every picture girl. They bend, sway and give. All are lovely creatures because they are Lissom Ladies

THEY are making Marian Marsh into a star, and all the secrets of Warner Brothers are being whispered into her little ears. She has the beauty, the exquisite beauty of the Constance Bennett type, and she responds to the Hollywood wisdom so naturally that you wonder if perhaps it isn't her own idea. In any event, she has the secret, the secret that has made Garbo the symbol of love, and Joan Crawford the most imitated girl in pictures.

Marian Marsh did not tell me—she showed me the secret.

The big lamps formed a dividing wall between us. Their light poured about her with an exciting blaze. The camera man moved about on my side of the lamps, with quick and accurate movements. The dusk of unimportance enveloped us. Marian was posing for stills and as she swayed into position the Hollywood training revealed itself. To see a girl pose for a publicity still or a fashion portrait is no novelty to us, but here was something new; something so essentially a part of pictures that it is to be found again and again in the stills from great screen productions.

The Hollywood figure in itself is no longer the pass-



Garbo in "Susan Lenox", her latest picture, still yields with exquisite grace



WOMEN

By Eliot Keen



Ben Lyon and Constance Bennett in "Bought". Note Connie's clinging-vine suppleness. At the left, Marian Marsh the Trilby girl, Warner's new find

port to greatness. There comes after that the demand for a lissom response by means of that figure to the most illusive emotions. Once was the time that a flexible mouth could convey enough, or the pantomime of expressive arms and hands. This year it is bodily grace carried to an art that Hollywood insists upon.

If you are of a scientific turn of mind you will see in this exaggerated posturing the attempt of the camera man to overcome the lack of the third dimension. If his camera had two eyes, the figure of his beautiful model would stand out against the background. Lacking these he demands an excess of *still motion*. If you remember the lovely throat of Greta Garbo in "The Mysterious Lady" hold it in your memory sacred, for it led to the present imperious demand for expressive gracefulness. Her current picture shows the same lovely pose. It is the mode.

There is no one with a "dancinger" body than Joan Crawford and yet she does not dance in her latest "This Modern Age"; that is, not to music. She dances in her heart but it requires the dancer's body to express the abandon and surrender of her love.

Once we were in the Metropolitan Opera House when a great lady of the nobility of a foreign land sat in state, or at least in stately dignity, in the "Diamond Horseshoe". She was the Baroness Hollweig-Blen-something-or-other. All gazed in awe upon her. But dynasties have fallen since then, and now the lady wouldn't do. Then, she had regal mien and she held it. Nowadays, if the princess of our dreams wants to make good with us she must be as supple as our beloved Connie Bennett.

Speaking of Connie, let us give her credit for the perfect and final development of this Hollywood demand for sensuous expression. It is Connie's snuggling and the sweet responsiveness of her cuddling that makes her pay check $30,000 weekly, and she doesn't have to snuggle to the paymaster either.

Robert Montgomery tells

The Screen Star Recalls for SILVER SCREEN the Days When He Was Just a Little Shaver



In "Private Lives" your favorite rave will be co-starred with Norma Shearer

I CAN'T sit still, and I can't stand still. I want to be moving all the time. Life never has bored me. I like to meet people and find out what they think about—what makes their particular wheels go 'round, you might say.

I like to read books and I have my favorite authors. I once wanted to be an author myself, and I have all kinds of manuscripts about, to say nothing of a priceless collection of rejection slips. I sold two or three things while I was in school and didn't need the money. When I really needed it, I couldn't give my stuff away. Personally (and privately) I still don't think it's so bad.



Man-in-Possession in a pinafore

I always burn whenever anyone says "my, you've had a sensationally rapid rise in pictures". I've been in Hollywood for quite a long time, and I've made an awful lot of pictures. There was a time when I was positive that I would be fired. I'm still not sure about it when it comes down to actual cases. Nobody can be.

The personal pronoun seems to figure considerably in this story even in the beginning, but how can a life story be told without a lot of "I's" and "My's" and "Me's"? Anyway, no actor could do it, or, at least, that is the prevalent opinion.

As a youngster I had no yearning for the stage. As a matter of fact I don't know why I ever became an actor.

The call of the footlights was never a lure in my family, although grandfather *was* considered a trifle eccentric.

However, I think I *may* have an explanation for it. When I was just a little more than a year old, my mother, my nurse and myself were riding in a sleigh. One of the runners caught in a car-track, and I was pitched out head first into a snowdrift. Maybe I haven't been just right ever since.

Somehow I don't have any strong impressions of early childhood. Some people say they do, but my most vivid memories are of things that happened in later life. The first thing that registered strongly in my mind was my first automobile ride. It was in a Thomas car, and you got into it from the rear. For years my home town had an ordinance forbidding electric horns. Everyone had to use those old, rubber "honk-honk" things.

There is a slight theatrical touch to my birth. I was born in a little hotel in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. But mother and father were not members of some theatrical troupe, taking time off between "Camille" and "East Lynne" for me to join

His Life Story

to

Marquis Busby



Bob's puzzled smile has remained unchanged since boyhood

them. They were waiting for their new home to be completed.

Mother and father were very much in love. Their courtship seems very romantic and "gay ninety-ish". They met at one of the old Cinderella balls in Brooklyn. The Cinderella ball was a sort of coming out party for Brooklyn's younger set.

Father has told me of driving across Brooklyn Bridge, and overtaking Mary Wead, who was later to become his wife. She was riding in her mother's carriage. Father was very proud of his racing horses. His father was a horse fancier, and each of his five sons had his own horses. Father wanted "Miss Wead" to ride across the bridge with him.

"Very well," said her mother, "but I will drive on ahead and set the pace."

It took all of father's attention to hold the horses in check, for Grandmother Wead drove at a snail's pace. Father couldn't say a word, or even look at the girl by his side.

I said Grandfather Montgomery was rather eccentric. He had a big brick house in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, and a long row of stables in back. He has always seemed very picturesque to me. At Christmas time his favorite horses were led into the dining room and fed from his hands. It used to fascinate me. I don't know what the guests must have thought.

The Montgomerys are English, although many centuries ago they came from France. There is a family legend that a Montgomery killed a prince of the blood in a tournament on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The family crest is a mailed fist holding a broken lance. The Montgomerys lost no time in getting out of France after that.

That is enough of the family background. Naturally, I don't remember much about the little hotel where I made my first appearance. I do remember a lot about our own home in Beacon. It was a big stone house in the hills back of town. From the front of the house we could see the magnificent sweep of the Hudson. Out here in California people boast of a view of Catalina Island "on a clear day". Well, we boasted that we could see West Point.

I have always loved that Hudson country. It is heart-breaking that anything so lovely could change so much in the past twenty years. Railroads have made huge gashes in the hills above the river banks. Tourists have poured in. But it was quaint and charming, almost unbelievably unchanged from Revolutionary days, when I was a child.

Originally Beacon had been called Fishkill Landing. Not far away was Fishkill Village. The towns grew together, and today it is called Beacon. Some of the older residents still object to the change in title, I believe.

As I have said it was almost like living in a picturesque and forgotten past. The old Dutch families still owned enormous tracts of lands. I used to have a friend who lived in one of those great houses on a vast estate. They had dozens and dozens of negro servants. They were never paid, and worked for the family, generation after generation. It was virtual slavery, and yet those servants were completely happy and carefree.

After a preliminary experience of a sort in kindergarten, I entered the Overfield Academy when I was eight. The school was held in the private home of the Misses DuBois—which meant "of the wood", as they always explained carefully. [*Continued on page* 66]



A youthful movie star in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Strangers-May-Kiss—and they did

"Breezy Joan Blondell"

The Little Wise-Cracking Blonde is a Sensation

By
Morris Halprin

BREEZY? She gives you pneumonia when she passes you by. Tough? Well, sir, she cuts out silhouettes and frames them in her parlor. Slangy? Vernacular to her is something you look through at the horse races.

That's Joan Blondell, of the five jumpin' Blondells. The kid sister hoofs it, the brother gets married and has a nice baby, and papa Blondell plans a new act for him and the missus, both of whom have retired from the stage a long time ago.

Joan is the older of the two feminine offspring and because of this priority thinks it her due to get something like six tickets from unsympathetic traffic officers in a period of two months.



The Greeks Had a Word and Joan is going to say it

Only the other day on Hollywood's Cahuenga Pass, Joan was shooting along at a good clip, the wind whistling "Yankee Doodle" past her ears. Suddenly she heard a siren. There's no mistaking a siren.

Sirens, the blonde Joan thought to herself, are either ladies with fish tails instead of legs or those noisy things attached to ambulances. While Hollywood is filled with ladies, they all have legs, so she concluded it was an ambulance behind her.

Joan serenely waved her arm for the ambulance, that is she thought it was an ambulance, to pass her by. But she didn't do a thing about taking her foot off of her own gas pedal. The siren seemed to grow louder until one of those very bad guardians of the law motioned her to stop at the curb.

"What's the idea?" the badged one demanded.

"What idea?" Joan wanted to know.

"D'ya expect my siren to spell out your name in order for you to stop?"

There's no telling what Joan will answer next. Even she can't tell.

"That's a great thought, officer. See if it can spell Joan Blondell."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

It was beginning to sound like one of our better grade talking pictures so Joan pocketed the ticket and pedalled her way out.

That's Joan. Always moving—getting in bad and getting out. Joan is the piquant type. She likes fun. And when she feels in the mood she's as fresh as an assistant director who's saved his company ten dollars.

She's had her share of education. More than her share, if the truth be known.

"I'll bet I've been seen and heard in more schools over the world than the First Reader," Joan explained. "You see, my father was Ed. Blondell & Company, touring in variety, and I was the juve interest in the company for many years.

"We jumped all over the world and daddy got a special permit allowing me to go along providing I attended school in each place for a week. I've been in almost every schoolhouse in the world. They call me recess, for short."

It's true. Joan has attended institutions of learning in Brooklyn (Erasmus Hall High), Honolulu, Texas, and almost any other place you can name. She went to the Santa Monica High for a year and while there did a lot of swimming. The swimming brought her medals and things—the things being a pair of large shoulders which were beginning to get over-developed from the athletics. So she stopped swimming and let the rest of her body catch up with the shoulders.

Then came the dawn. Joan swept Eastwards and planned to take New York by its ears. At first she was nearest the other extremities and went bumpty-bump down Father Knickerbocker's front porch to land in a Bronx stock company and also a class of Harland Dixon's (the off-to-Boston lad) where she learned the intricacies of the clog and the technique of the soft shoe.

From that time on everything was natural history with Joan evoluting from stage to stage. She was in "The Famous Mrs. Fair", "Tarnish", "The Trial of Mary Dugan", (eighteen months as a lisping chorus girl), "My Girl Friday" (which closed on a Saturday), "Maggy the Magnificent", "Sporting Blood" and "Penny Arcade" (with Jimmy Cagney, the chin-socking youngster). [*Continued on page* 79]

Reflecting the Magic of HOLLYWOOD



LORETTA YOUNG

THIS is Loretta's beautiful mirror and there is magic in it and beauty. Well, perhaps Loretta herself has something to do with that since she is holding it. "The Blind Spot" which she is making on the First National lot with James Cagney will reflect Loretta too—and charmingly



LORETTA SAYERS

MISS SAYERS was born in the lap of luxury and Westchester. After her "coming-out" party at Pierre's the beautiful débutante mysteriously disappeared. Southampton and Newport knew her no more, but Loretta knew where she was and so did Columbia Pictures. She's in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"



SALLY BLANE

SALLY BLANE at her looking-glass on the Columbia lot where she is at work on "A Dangerous Affair". Looking-glasses, even field glasses, are kind to Sally, and her whole five feet four inches is glowing

DOROTHY JORDAN

DOROTHY JORDAN first attracted notice in a picture with Ramon Novarro. Although but twenty years old she is one of the recognized younger leading ladies. "Hell Divers" is her next picture. Did you ever see a more beautiful mouth than her mirror boasts? Perhaps that is one of the reasons why M-G-M has cast her next with Clark Gable

HURRELL



LEILA HYAMS

A SPECIALLY posed portrait of Leila Hyams and her mirror in her new Malibu beach house. Leila is fond of swimming but fondest of working in M-G-M pictures. The next time you see her will be with William Haines. Leila is dressing for a party—she is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood



ENGLISH

JULIETTE COMPTON

IN "Rich Man's Folly" a girl from the Southland speaks with the most charming of English accents. She is Juliette Compton. Juliette ran away from Columbus, Georgia, to try the thrills of the Broadway footlights. And she ran away from them at the invitation of Paramount



ENGLISH

ANNA MAY WONG

ANNA MAY WONG has everything wrapped up in a Paramount contract. She is lithe, exotic, and experienced. She speaks five languages. In these gay and superficial days she is the only living evidence of the beauty that

CONSTANCE BENNETT

IN THE Bennett family there is one Constance and in the family pier-glass Connie has grown bigger and bigger. Her "Bought" is playing to full houses, and now that she is back from Europe R.K.O.-Pathé are making plans for her worthy of a marquise

SCHOENBAUM

Turkey and Stuffing & Charlie Farrell!

A New England Boy Makes His Thanksgiving Plans

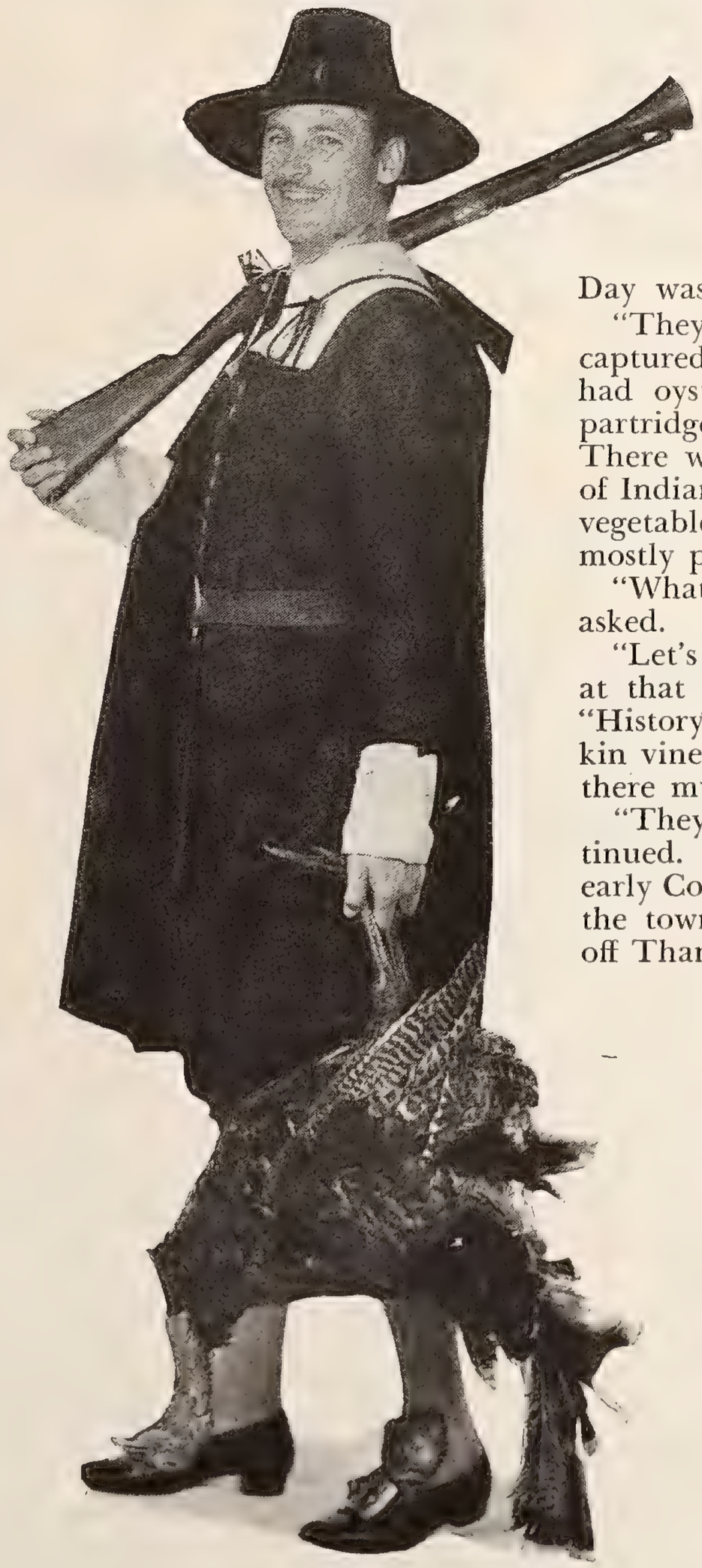
By Grace Simpson



The poetic strain in Charlie gives his screen work that "Farrell" touch



Virginia Valli Farrell has her first Thanksgiving



There was probably a Farrell in Colonial times in Massachusetts who looked like this

IT IS THANKSGIVING once again. Turkeys suddenly make their appearance in shop windows to tease yet delight the children. Cranberries, plum puddings and mince pies come into their own and take their important part in the occasion. Happy faces rush merrily along, to and fro, hither and yon—all heralding the day.

One naturally associates the Thanksgiving Day festivities with old New England and New Englanders. In the film colony, Charles Farrell is New England's favorite son. Charlie comes from Cape Cod. He was born in Walpole, Massachusetts. He was educated at Boston University. He is native and to the manner born. History records that the first Thanksgiving was consecrated at Plymouth in 1621, when the small company of Pilgrims gathered in gratitude to return thanks for their harvest the first autumn after their landing. That Thanksgiving Day was a notable one. It was a benediction of the New World on the first golden autumn at Plymouth.

Charlie Farrell's ancestry dates way back to these same Pilgrim fathers and mothers. To him, Thanksgiving means everything—it is in his blood. Since the day mostly centers around the Thanksgiving dinner and since Charlie is well versed in ancestral lore, we asked him if he knew what the menu of that first Thanksgiving Day was. And he eagerly told us:

"They had wild turkey which they captured in the nearby woods. They had oysters and game, venison and partridge—broiled on the skewer. There was the barley loaf and cakes of Indian meal, and quite a variety of vegetables. And the table service was mostly pewter."

"What about the pumpkin pie?" we asked.

"Let's hope they had pumpkin pie at that first feast," laughed Charlie. "History records the indigenous pumpkin vines had climbed the cornstalks; there must have been pumpkin pies!

"They liked molasses, too," he continued. "I remember reading in the early Connecticut records that in 1705 the town of Colchester voted to put off Thanksgiving from the first to the second Thursday in November because of a delay in receiving a supply of molasses!"

This November marks the popular star's first Thanksgiving as a married man. The question, therefore, naturally presented itself:

"What do you plan to do? Will you and Virginia celebrate with a real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving such as New England knows and has observed down through the centuries?"

"For one thing, the day will be spent rather quietly," mused Charlie. "As for the dinner—I'll tell you a secret—Virginia is actually planning on cooking [*Cont. on page* 76]

POPULARITY!

By Laura Benham



Phillips Holmes



David Manners



Fredric March



Lew Ayres



James Cagney



Robert Montgomery

THE box office appeal is the gauge of popularity.

And what it is that creates the rush of dollars to the little ticket booth in the front of the theatre is a subject on which professors and film producers may argue and draw little charts, only to have their calculations all upset by a boy with tousled hair and a lazy pair of eyes.

Just what is it that makes you and me and all the rest of us girls (and the boys, too) stand in line for a chance to see our very special screen hero whisper sweet nothings into the shell-pink ear of his momentary girl friend?

Yet this popularity is a very definite quantity and the producers have learned that Bob's girls are loyal and will be there in the theatre when Mr. Montgomery's picture is shown.

What quality must a star have? Perhaps it is the quality which can make us live and breathe, suffer and rejoice with those flickering personalities before us—it is of such stuff that heroes are made.

All of which accounts for the meteoric rise to fame of Clark Gable, whose fan mail at present exceeds that of any other actor in Hollywood.

Less than a year ago Clark made his screen début in "Dance, Fools, Dance," opposite Joan Crawford. His rôle—that of a racketeering cabaret-owner who meant anything but right by our little Joan—was not a sympathetic one.

Yet it established Clark as a definite personality—and one with which to be reckoned. In his next film, "A Free Soul," opposite Norma Shearer, his characterization was again despicable, yet on release of that picture, feminine hearts began to palpitate, fan mail began to pour into the studio and lads all over the country began to alter their technique to conform to the Gable standards.

For regardless of his rôle, Clark manages to imbue it with a feeling of realness. You are so aware of him—and you cannot forget for a moment that if you were to meet such a person as he is portraying, you too would feel his fatal fascination.

And for a moment—oh, just a fleeting moment—you even wish that you *might* meet such an individual—lawless, unmoral, untamed by convention—yet rather gallant, withal.

That was the way John Gilbert used to make us feel, back in the days of "The Big Parade" and his other early films.

But something of John's spontaneity left him—he lost the early "joie de vie" which had so distinguished him. And as his buoyant, vivacious spirits ebbed, so did his fan public.

Old Man Microphone has come in for the major share of blame for John's diminished popularity. But if the truth be told, the sun had set on John's best days even before sound roared its advent into cinemaland.

For John had lost his power to make us *feel*—we got so we didn't really care what happened to him. And what is even more important—to us girls, anyway—we didn't yearn to have him hold us in his arms and tell us how much we meant to him

For it is by their power over our emotions that stars really win us. The players we love are those who make us *feel* the most. And in that fact lies the greatness of both Chaplin and Emil Jannings, both of whom can touch the innermost depths of our hearts.

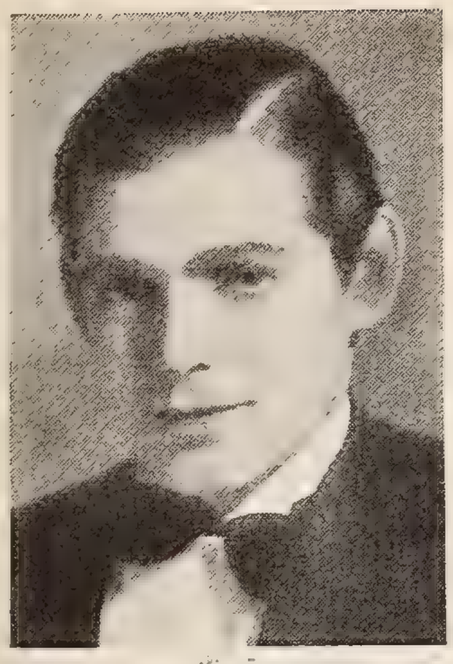
It has been ever thus—and I suppose it always will be. When actors lose their ability to make us believe in them, when they cease making their characterizations flesh-and-blood and alive—then do they lose their power to hold our hearts.

And we must turn to other, newer faces, to find our brief moments of illusion and forgetfulness.

For just as fast as old-time favorites slip from the pinnacles on which they have stood, there are newcomers to take their places. Newcomers who have not been through the long and arduous picture-mill and so still have their enthusiasm and eagerness and youth to pour with prodigal, spendthrift hands into the grinding mechanisms of the cameras.

The new screen heroes are all rivals for your heart. They are in Hollywood acting their heads off but the battle is won or lost in your local theatre.

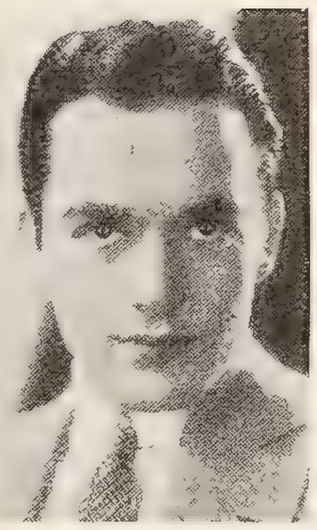
Here's how they rate in your affection.



Clark Gable



William Haines



Charles Rogers



John Mack Brown



John Gilbert

At present Robert Montgomery is riding the high wave of success—and giving Clark Gable a run for first screen honors.

He has wooed and won a public (not so fickle as has been alleged) with gay insouciance and modern sophistry.

We all know boys like Bob—they're usually the most sought-after in any crowd—and there's not a girl among us who doesn't thrill a little over prospects of a date with one of the scapegraces.

For we're sure that Bob—or a boy like him—will know just what kind of flowers to send us, how to order the most epicurean of meals, when to make love to us—and when not to!

We once felt that way about William Powell.

But Bill became bored with his work—and it showed.

Instead of remaining the personification of the blasé man-about-town—the type that every girl adores—Bill has become only the technically perfect actor, going through his paces like a thoroughbred—but like a thoroughbred whose heart is no longer in the race.

So though we still like Bill, we find ourselves passing by the theatre in which his pictures are appearing, and going instead to see that young rum-running racketeer, James Cagney.

Not so long ago Cagney left the New York stage and arrived in Hollywood unheralded and unsung. He had a nice optional contract with Warner Brothers—but most of the promising young actors who arrive in the cinema capital have nice contracts with one of the big companies.

In Cagney's case, though, it meant something!

He lost no time in proving that he had that certain something—we call it "IT" in a girl—that leads to bigger and better killings—at the box-office, of course.

He almost stole his first picture, "The Doorway to Hell", from Lew Ayres, at a time when that young man was at the peak of his popularity. And further, to prove he wasn't a flash in the pan, Cagney repeated his success with knock-out (and how!) characterizations in "The Public Enemy" and "Smart Money".

For Cagney, perhaps more than any other actor, has scratched through our superficial veneer of civilization and made us feel the primitive, elemental struggle of man to exist. He has made the gunman, while no more admirable, at least more understandable.

And while we do not actually condone the characters he has portrayed, we are conscious of a very slight twinge of envy of them; of them and of their power to be laws unto themselves—for wouldn't we all like to be that, at least once in a while?

As if to balance the meteor-like rise of Gable, Montgomery and Cagney, has been the equally rapid fall of Lew Ayres.

Immediately "All Quiet on the Western Front" was released, Lew became the sensation of the hour. Companies fought over him and he was borrowed from Universal, his home-lot, by every studio that could obtain him.

Fox got him first for "Common Clay" and then Warner Brothers used him in "The Doorway to Hell". Both of these films were tremendous successes—and so was Lew.

But alas, as the size of his fan-mail increased, so did his self-esteem. And the quality of his work fell off in like ratio. After all, we can't really blame Lew. Such adulation and sudden popularity have turned older heads than his. But it was unfortunate that his very success should be the weapon that put him on the toboggan which has only broken hopes and wrecked careers at its foundation.

In Lew's case, maybe he can regain the ground that he has lost. Careful handling and a clear perspective on himself and his work will do much to counteract the mistakes he has made. And his fans are still loyal to him.

[*Continued on page* 68]

James Dunn as the soft-hearted, hard-boiled guy in "Bad Girl" gives the greatest performance in months

"O. K. JIMMIE"

By

S. R. MOOK

OUTSIDE, trucks rumbled by, taxis careened past, automobile horns honked, street cars rattled past with gongs clanging, newsboys screamed and an occasional airplane droned overhead. Bedlam.

Inside, in my one room, kitchenette and bath apartment, the cacophony was stilled. James Dunn sat wide-eyed and grinning. Alice—or Jimmie, if you're one of those sticklers for sexes—in Wonderland: Hollywood.

He's twenty-six years old and he still believes in Santa Claus.

"I keep pinching myself to see if it's true," he observed, digging his fingers into his arm and giving a twist. "Yeah, I keep pinching myself."



James Dunn is so new to screen success that he is pleased when you borrow money

Asked why, he launched into what is destined to become the routine story of his life. This happened to be his first magazine interview and the novelty intrigued him. His naiveté intrigued me—which is unimportant.

"I left school when I was about fifteen or sixteen, and started to work in a stock broker's office as an office boy. And what I mean, I did an office boy's work: cleaned the desks, the cuspidors, the ash-trays, ran the errands, brought the boss ice-water, flirted with the elevator girls in the building and did all the other things that lift one out of the apprentice class in that profession.

"Then I started on the road selling lunch-wagons. You know, the kind that are all fitted up with counter, stools, short-order ranges, ice box, coffee urns, etc., etc. And I don't mind telling you—you can print *this* if you want to, it isn't in confidence—that I did pretty well at it. Maybe it was because the wagons were pretty good and practically sold themselves.

"A year and a half of that and they began to give me bum prospects. I'd saved up about ten thousand dollars and decided I was going to be a financial power so I went down into Wall Street and began dabbling in stocks. I lasted quick. I went into my father's office but things just didn't jell so I didn't stay there long, either."

I clucked my tongue in sympathy, Jimmie grinned and went on.

"After a time I got a job doing extra work at the Paramount Long Island studios and then, through one of those freaks of circumstance, I got a swell part in 'Night Stick'. When it was put on the screen it was called 'Alibi' and Chester Morris made a hit in it.

"Well, after 'Night Stick' was worn out, I joined a stock company at Englewood, New Jersey, and played there for thirty-seven weeks and then joined another one in Winnipeg, Canada. And then I got the male lead in 'Sweet Adeline' opposite Helen Morgan."

He paused for breath and I seized the opportunity to consult the biography of him which the studio had furnished me.

"Hmm," I wheezed asthmatically, "there doesn't seem to be much color in your background."

Jimmie looked vaguely alarmed. "What do you mean 'color'?"

"Hardships, adventure, romance. You don't appear to have suffered for your art."

Relief, with a capital R, flooded Jimmie's countenance. "The hell I haven't," said he. "Why, do you know, sir, when I was playing in 'Sweet Adeline' we were doing such swell business that I thought it would go on forever, so, instead of saving money, I paid off all my debts and when the show closed very suddenly I hit New York with only about a hundred and seventy-five dollars in the world. And what's a hundred and seventy-five dollars in New York?" he finished triumphantly.

To me, a century note with six bits in [*Continued on page 80*]

The Trans-Continental Wife

Claudette Colbert is here, Norman Foster is on the Coast; the whole U. S. is in the Way but Claudette Defies Anyone to Come Between Them

By Elizabeth Wilson



She's got a break in "Blind Cargo" with Gary Cooper, and can she be naughty!

"YOO HOO! Claudette!" I stumbled over the gangplank of the good ship *Christine* which was sprawled all over the "Blind Cargo" set at the Paramount Long Island studio, and chased after my favorite movie star. "Wait a minute," I shouted. "I got questions."

"Keep away from me then," Claudette shouted back with warm cordiality, "I might catch them. I'm vulnerable."

I started to bid three hearts and finish up the rubber but I remembered just in time that I had sworn off bridge for Equinox. Besides—there were those questions. I must ask Claudette if the rumors were true. I must . . . I really must . . . no running away this time. Maybe though I'd better dash out for another coco-cola and celery to help steady my nerves. It's awful to be a moral coward. Even after all these years of interviewing film stars I still lack the courage to step right up to one and say with a bit of *savoir faire,* "Madame, is it true that you are divorcing your husband?" I just can't do it. I'm funny that way.

I followed the lovely Claudette into her dressing room and dropped miserably into a chair. Outside the birds were singing, and the dear little children were playing, and the nice old sky was blue—and here I was utterly miserable. Would she just look pained the way Gloria Swanson had done, or would she have me thrown out, the way Connie Bennett had done.

"Well?" said Claudette. "What about the questions? Did you want to ask about my sinus? It's much better, thank you."

"No," I said mournfully. "I want to ask about you and—er—I mean your—er—Oh, it's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Oh, I know. You want to ask about my love life." Claudette is an intelligent girl and puts to lie that old fossil about beautiful and dumb. "Why is it that all you interviewers write the same kind of stories about me? My ideas on love, and marriage—and all that. I can speak coherently on several subjects—you'd be surprised. Just for a change why don't you write a neat little article on 'Claudette and the Elizabethan Poets', or 'A Musical Interlude with Claudette,' or—"

"You're not the type," I interrupted. "When a person looks at you he doesn't think of iambic pentameters and scales—he thinks of love and of—er—love."

"I see." It seems that I had unwittingly made it clear. "It's too bad. I could really say some very clever things about the Five Year Plan, but of course if you'd rather have my ten dont's for lovers——"

"The newspapers say," I swallowed hard and blurted without further ado, "that you and Norman are 'On the Verge'. Is it true?" Thank God, that was over. I hastily mopped away the perspiration from my forehead.

"Of course, it isn't true," Claudette laughed. "You know better than to believe everything you read in the papers, don't you?" She threw her legs across the arm of her chair. Beautiful legs. Famous in the New York theatrical newspapers long before Dietrich was imported. The smile slowly faded from her face and an ever-so-slight frown gathered there.

"Who started those stupid rumors anyway? I've been meeting them in the papers and fan magazines for a couple of months now. At first I laughed them off but I'm beginning to get sore. Is there any reason in the world why two happily married people should not be allowed to remain happily married? Everybody is trying to separate us. It isn't fair. Just because Norman lives in Hollywood and I in New York doesn't mean that we love each other any the less. We have our careers and we have to live [*Continued on page* 70]

Do Women Love

When Clark Gable Got Rough His Fan Mail Got All Perfumed Up



The Cave Man and the Free Soul!

Norma Shearer and "What-a-Man" Gable! ***Ha-cha-cha***

DO WOMEN love cave-men? Well, they did once upon a time according to the latest fossil disclosures and Fannie Ward's memories. But women have changed and well, anyway—what brought the question up was Clark Gable who seems to carry a prehistoric club in his eyes at any rate.

We were walking together down past the dressing-room on the M-G-M lot, an actress (I won't tell you her name because she is separating from her husband, and this isn't her story anyway) and I mentioned Mr. Gable, as who doesn't these days.

"I don't know what it is, but he certainly gets under my skin," she told me. And then whom should we meet face-to-face but Clark himself. He hailed us cheerily. The actress was aflutter like a sixteen-year-old. Her hands flew to her throat and then to her hair. And Clark, seemingly unmindful of the inner commotion he was causing, smiled and passed on. My curiosity got out of bounds.

"What is it about him that gets you so—that way?" I demanded.

She pondered the question.

"It's not his dimples. And it certainly isn't his good looks. I've seen more handsome men. I think it is the suggestion of brutality about his eyes and mouth. And that cave-mannish way he has of looking you up and down and tossing you aside. He makes you feel instinctively that no woman would ever be too-important to him."

And that is that.

Ivan Lebedeff says:

Cave Men?

By Mary Sharon

"A woman loves the man she loves, whatever he is. Love to a woman is something, the reason for which can never be explained. The most beautiful women often give themselves to ugly and sometimes even invalid men. And women of fine intellectual and spiritual development sometimes give themselves to absolute dumbbells.

"But there is a physical side to all women. They are all thrilled or attracted more or less by cave-men or he-men. Not so much on account of their obvious brutality and roughness, but because of something primitive and unconquerable, suggestive of a fine animal inside. Such men, even though they win the woman in a mild-enough manner, after they have conquered her physical self, display a peculiar mixture of indifference and ownership. This type of man is always popular with females. The best example of a strong, virile male, who has been able to remain very close to the nature of a cave-man without becoming affected with a complicated psychological twist is Clark Gable. I would commend him to anyone as a sweetheart or a comrade, although I have never met him personally.

"A more refined specimen of the same group was Valentino. Unfortunately, he loved women with his mind and soul also. Which made him weaker from the standpoint of a lover than Clark Gable is."

From which, I inferred that Ivan doesn't think Clark loves women with his mind and soul. And perhaps he doesn't. Who cares? It certainly doesn't lower him in the estimation of the ladies to be considered a cave-man.

In fact, he established himself originally in a menace rôle.

Women like to be made to do things they don't want to do. Or prevented from doing things they do want to do. It's a little hang-over from centuries of being ordered around, I suppose. I remember when I was a very young girl, that I enjoyed being bossed around by a big, handsome cave-man, who had been junior champion boxer of the navy. And who used to make me hike miles and miles with him through snow-storms when I particularly wanted to sit by the fire and read. And who used to make me sit in-doors and listen to reams of poetry when I really wanted to swim in the surf. I shudder now, when I think how nearly I came to marrying that man. He was something like Clark Gable, only not so much so.

Personally, I've usually preferred boys like Robert Montgomery to the lads with sex-appeal. But Clark Gable is different. I confess that the first time I lunched with him, I got all jittery myself. And now I'm a rabid Gable fan. He's got what it takes. And he'll go a long way yet. This has been said so many times now, that it is trite. But it is likewise true.

I tried for three weeks to see Clark to ask him what he thought of the status of cave-men where women were concerned. But unhappily for me, he went deer-hunting about fifteen minutes before I received my assignment. And when he returned from the mountains with his trophies, he took only enough time to change his clothes and collect his wife and baggage and then hied himself to Palm Springs. Days lengthened into days and he did not return. I made up my mind that he had taken up a permanent abode in Palm Springs and I drove down intent on getting the interview and getting it at once. Luck was against me. Clark passed me somewhere on the road. I suspect a big blue car that looked like nothing so much as a streak of lightning. By the time I returned to Hollywood I had assumed the psychological twist of an Evangeline. I could see myself going down the corridors of time, notebook in hand, hearing always that Clark had been here and there and had gone.

And then it happened. Out of a blue sky. Rather in the Brown Derby. I went inside for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I was wearing an Empress Eugenie hat pulled low over my right eye and I would never have seen him, if he hadn't called to me. At the sound of his voice I whirled around and there he sat, inviting



Gable shows Joan Crawford how he holds his women

me to lunch with him. Just like that. And that is when I got all jittery, but can you blame me? It was upsetting enough to be lunching with Clark Gable, but twice so when you consider how I had been running all over the country trying to find him.

I was all primed for an interview and I wasted no time.

"Tell me, doesn't it set you up to know that all the women in the world are hot and bothered about you?" I demanded.

"This must be a case of mistaken identity," he countered. "You know me. Just a Hollywood ham, trying to get along."

[*Continued on page* 62]

CAREERS *for*



Dorothy Dix

Don't Ask Her Advice on Your Love Affairs

DOROTHY DIX is a gal with a mind of her own. There are very few left these days. Uh-huh.

Her parents are well fixed when it comes to bonds and bank accounts and finger bowls, and they were very eager that Dorothy should follow in her father's footsteps and become a lawyer. Her early education was administered with the Law in mind and Dorothy was well on to becoming a child Portia, like it or not, when she up and discovered about that mind of her own. Deep down in her heart Dorothy had a secret passion—moving pictures. And her parents lived in Hollywood—and Hollywood is so convenient to the movies—

When the pater and mater discovered that Dotty was out gallivanting on a studio lot they went into a spasm and yanked their little darling right off the set. School again for three years, and Dorothy could no longer resist the call of the grease paint. Her parents sighed, and let it go at that. It had to be.

When Educational decided to revive C. C. Burr's series of "Torchy" comedies Dorothy was chosen for the rôle of "Vee," and placed under contract. "Vee" has been played at different times by Clara Bow, Norma Shearer and Dorothy Mackaill. Some more footsteps for Dorothy to follow in. And this time the shoe fits.

She's no relation to the syndicated love expert.

Gene Raymond

Now He's Hugging Nancy Carroll

JUST fancy meeting your father and mother on your first screen set! Of course you rather expect to meet Mom and Pop in your dining room sometimes and at funerals and weddings but never at the studio. To be sure Mary Boland and Donald Meek aren't Gene's real father and mother but they have played his parents on the stage so many times that they just all feel sort of family-like. And great was the rejoicing when they all met again on the set of "Personal Maid", which incidentally is Gene's first talking picture. He plays opposite Nancy Carroll.

His real name is Raymond Guion, but he changed it because no two persons pronounced it alike. How do you pronounce it? Wrong. For two years he played the rôle of *Gene Gibson* in the play "Young Sinners" and people started calling him Gene. So he became Gene Raymond. And now that's settled.

Gene was born in New York in 1908 and at the tender age of five became one of the leading men in stock productions. But his first real début was made in 1925 in "The Potters" with Donald Meek as "father". From then on his rise to popularity as a stage juvenile was nothing short of meteoric.

When Raymond isn't working you can just bet your bottom dollar, if you still have one in these depressing times, that he is horseback riding in the country. He is a natural blonde and has blue eyes. You'll like Gene. Paramount does.



FOUR, *Please!*

Dorothy Appleby

As Goes Maine, So Goes the Nation

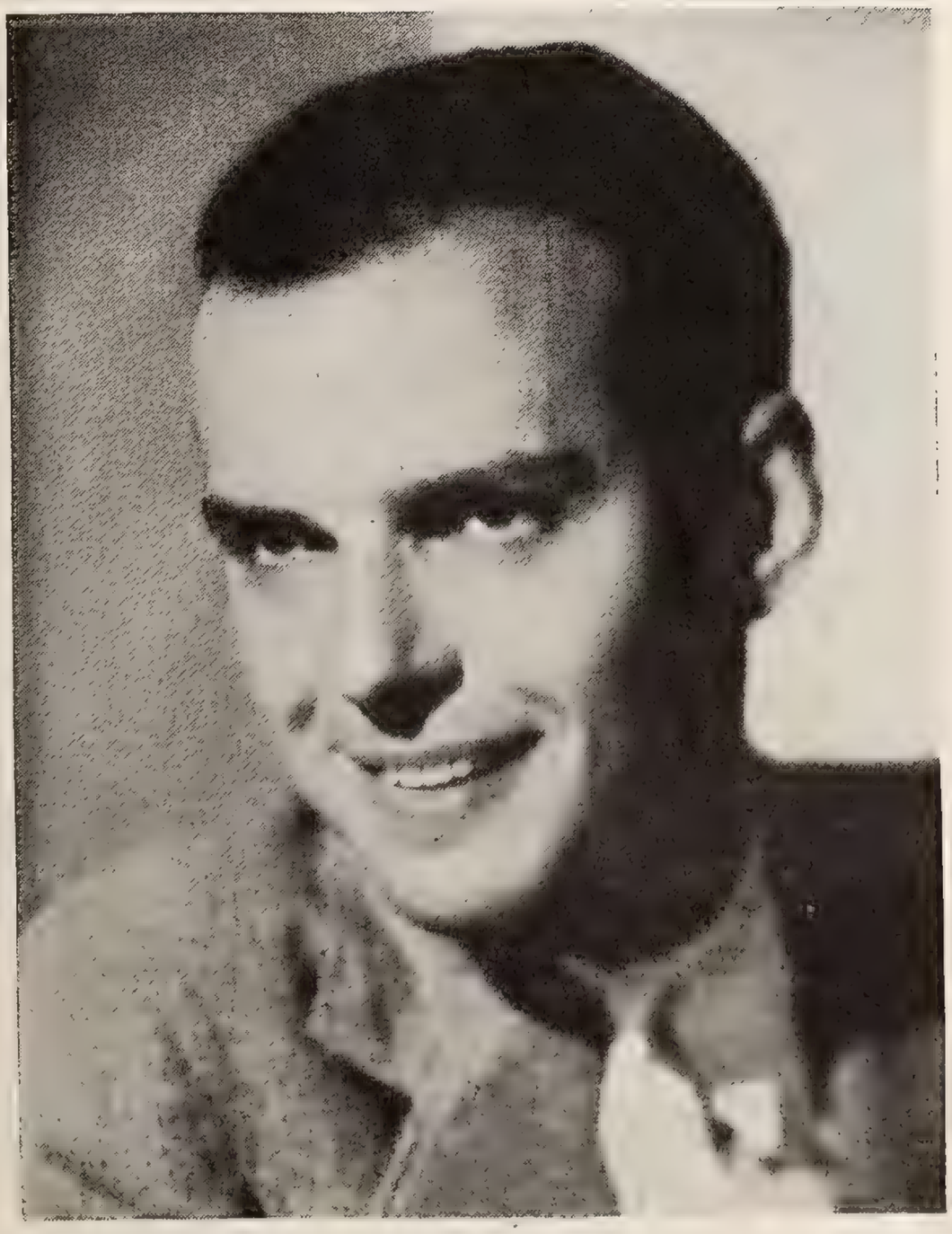


DOROTHY APPLEBY, was born in Portland, Maine, the town famous for its quick-setting cement. In justice to Dorothy, it must be said that she hasn't followed the example of the cement. She's here and there and all over the place, as cute and brunette as they are made.

Daddy Appleby, being a big business man and a leading citizen of Portland, naturally sent Dorothy to the public schools there—an old Rotarian custom. But the pride of the Applebys decided that she would like to be a great painter and do things with paint and crayons. Well, she did things with paint, all right, but it was grease paint. It came about in this manner: Rudolph Valentino (in 1924) was made a judge of pulchritude and his first official act was to name Dorothy *Miss Maine.* As a result of this honor she was given a part in the Broadway musical comedy "Helen of Troy".

Good honest toil won for her leading parts in a succession of New York plays. Among them, "Mary Jane McKane", "Princess April", "When You Smile", "Square Crooks", and "Young Sinners". Now she is sitting pretty with an M-G-M contract.

Dorothy paints and golfs and fishes for amusement, reads for pleasure, and cooks for her husband, Morgan Galloway, only when necessary. And it isn't necessary often, screen salaries being what they are.



Allen Vincent

Dogs, Girls and Paramounts Like Him

ALLEN VINCENT is a great lover of dogs; dachshunds are his favorite breed and at his home in Spokane, Washington, he has four. Next to acting he likes horse-back riding and during the past spring he could be seen riding through Central Park nearly every day with Libby Holman as his companion. He has an uncontrollable passion for burnt toast—which will be a break for his wife when he gets one. If you want to make Allen blissfully happy, girls, just burn up a piece of toast for him.

At Dartmouth he began to be interested in school dramatics and after three years of college, and a six months' tour of Europe, he offered himself to the producers. The usual disappointments, promises and flops, and then the breaks. He played in "Starlight", "Grand Street Follies", "A Lady's Virtue", "Spread Eagle", "The Pelican" and a lot of others, and was quite a sensation in "The Vinegar Tree" last winter on Broadway. Paramount saw him in that and asked him to make a test along with Peggy Shannon. They both were given contracts and sent to the coast.

While playing in San Francisco Allen met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and the two became inseparable friends. Doug gave Allen a big welcoming hand when he arrived in Hollywood.

Allen misses Broadway but is thoroughly sold on Hollywood. His favorite movie stars are Garbo, Doug Jr. and Gary Cooper.

Silver Screen's

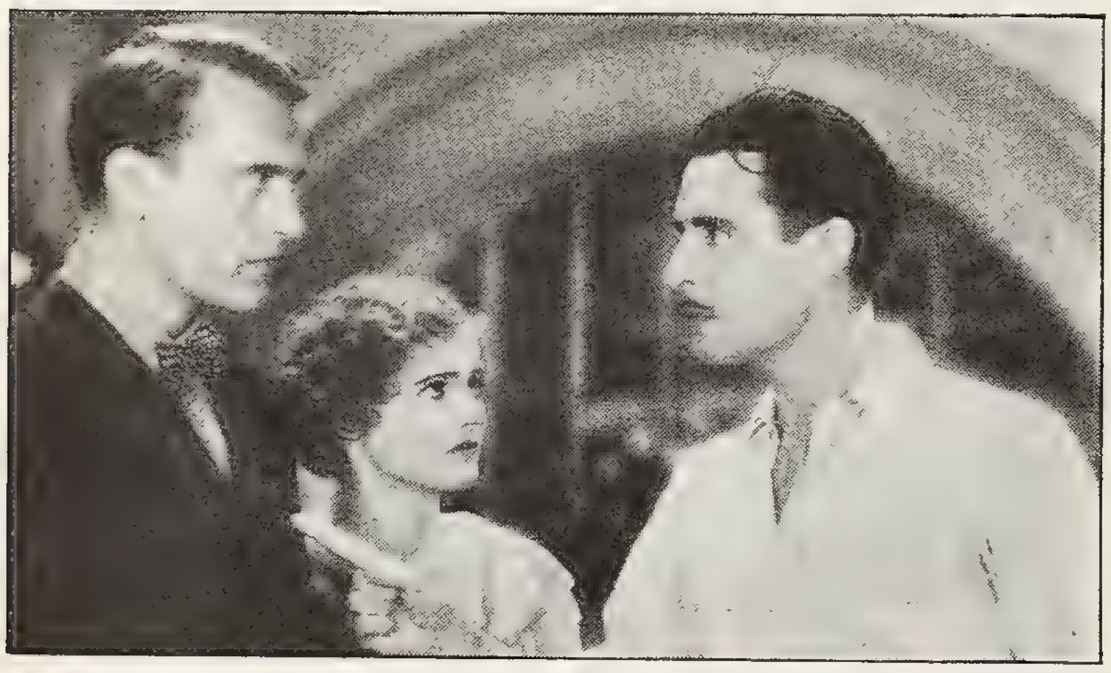


TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

A great deal can happen in twenty-four hours . . . Take five people, for example. A night club hostess and her gangster husband . . . A society matron and her chiseling mate . . . And the matron's lover. There is a killing; and within twenty-four hours justice is satisfied and the society couple reconciled. Miriam Hopkins is marvelous as the hostess, and is ably supported by Clive Brook, Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. You'll like this one.



WEST OF BROADWAY

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

John Gilbert comes back like a million dollars' worth of personality in this one. He plays the part of a lad who returns from France and is ordered to hit for Arizona at once—T.B., you know. The fact that his girl has given him the air sets him goofy, and he paints the old town scarlet. After the hang-over he finds himself married. He gives the girl the go-by and makes for the open spaces. Lois Moran and Madge Evans are the girls.



PALMY DAYS

Rating: SPLENDID

United Artists

Eddie "Depression Explainer" Cantor is a riot in his latest picture. There isn't any story to speak of, but nobody cares. Eddie works in an ultra-modern bakery filled with doughnuts and hundreds of beautiful girls. His songs are pips and he is generally funny throughout. The picture's a splendid blues-chaser. The inimitable Charlotte Greenwood is a big help to Eddie in the funny business. Barbara Weeks is also in the cast.



STREET SCENE

Rating: SPLENDID

United Artists

Life in a squalid New York tenement on two hot summer days is the theme of this compelling screen drama, written by Elmer Rice and directed by King Vidor. It will tug at your heart strings and turn on your tear ducts. Here are the types that you meet on the city streets; gin and taxi cabs, a tabloid murder and a little Irish girl who loves a Hebrew lad. You'll never forget Sylvia Sidney's expressive face. The entire cast is excellent, especially Estelle Taylor and Beulah Bondi.



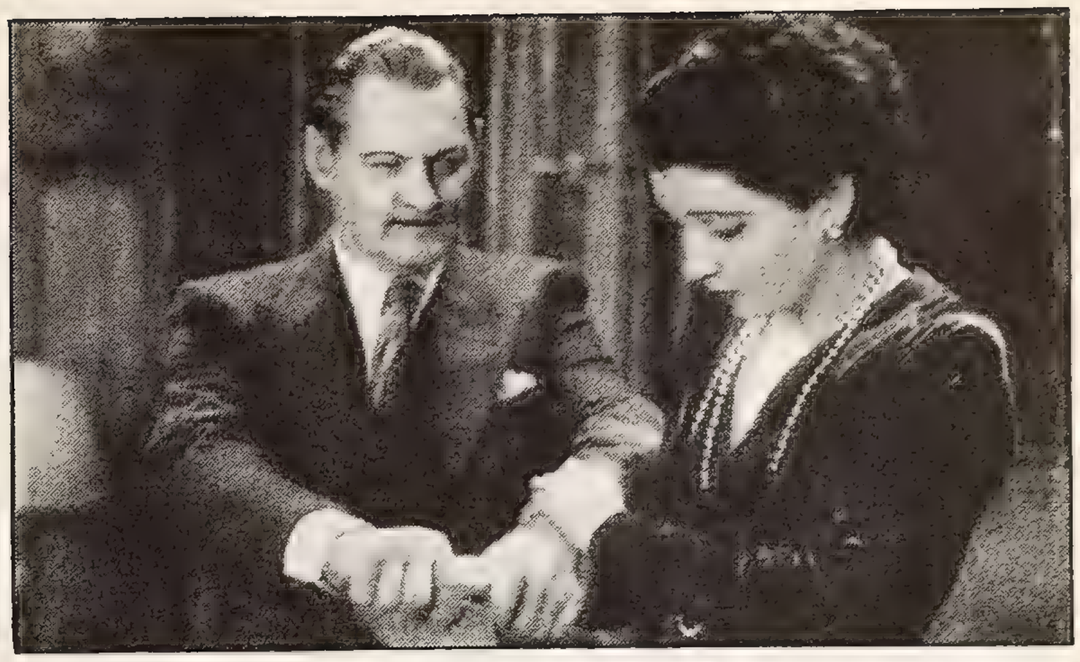
LARCENY LANE

Rating: SPLENDID

Warners

Here's grand entertainment! James Cagney plays a small town bell-hop with ambitions for big town shakedown. He picks a girl and they start out for the city. After a highly successful season of gyping they split. The girl marries a society man and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's a surprise ending that's swell. Don't miss it. Joan Blondell is perfect as the girl and Louis Calhern, Guy Kibee, Maude Edburne and Ray Millard give good performances.

Reviewing Stand





GUILTY HAND
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M

Mystery story lovers are in for plenty of "the stuff they like best" in this one. Lionel Barrymore as a retired district attorney commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages things the way he wants them. No fair telling you the plot. But it's a super-mystery done in a high class and baffling manner. Mr. Barrymore again crashes through with one of his best performances. Kay Francis and Madge Evans are in it.



THE AGE FOR LOVE
Rating: GOOD
United Artists

Billie Dove comes back—and better than ever. She seems to have more poise and finesse. In short, she's grand. The picture raises the vital question: Should a girl seek love and a home, or love and glamour? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of womankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Comes divorce and re-marriage and the old love again. Edward Everett Horton, Adrian Morris and Lois Wilson are in the cast.

THE SPIDER
Rating: GOOD
Fox

How are your nerves? Well, anyway—chills and shivers are in order. In this mystery thriller Eddie Lowe portrays a stage magician who has a legitimate mind-reading act, using a boy suffering from loss of memory as the key to the trick. During the performance a man is murdered in the audience. Everyone is suspected and the police have a merry time trying to fasten the blame. Lois Moran, El Brendel and George Stone are good.



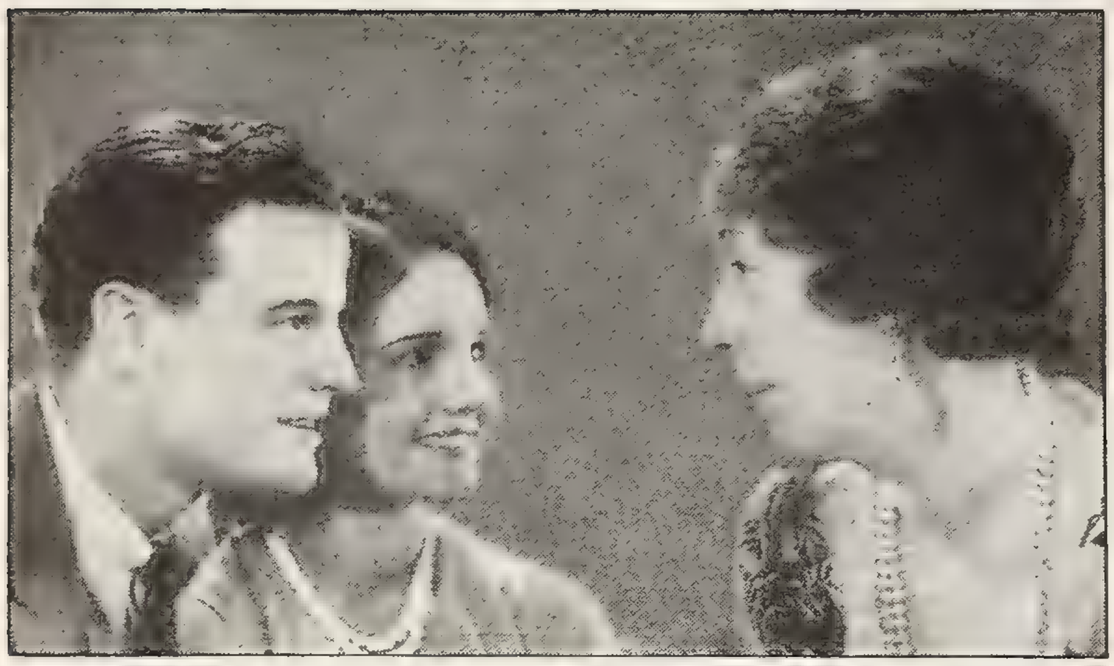
TWENTY GRAND
Rating: GOOD
Universal

This is an underworld yarn done in a neat fashion and dressed with a brilliant cast. It's all about a chap who can't leave the horses alone and a gal who sticks by—through thick rolls and thin. There's a handsome mob chief after her to be sure, but it all turns out all right. Plenty of action and the kind of stuff that thrills you. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, Norman Foster and Marie Prevost help give the low-down on the race track and speakeasy rackets. Some fun, kid, some fun.



THE GAY DIPLOMAT
Rating: GOOD
Radio

Well, here's your newest heart-beat, girls, step up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing to the late Rudy Valentino we have on the menu. Ivan is a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. Of course he falls in love, but the lady of his heart doesn't understand his apparent fickleness. There's an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin, Betty Compson, Ilka Chase are lovely ladies in love with Ivan.



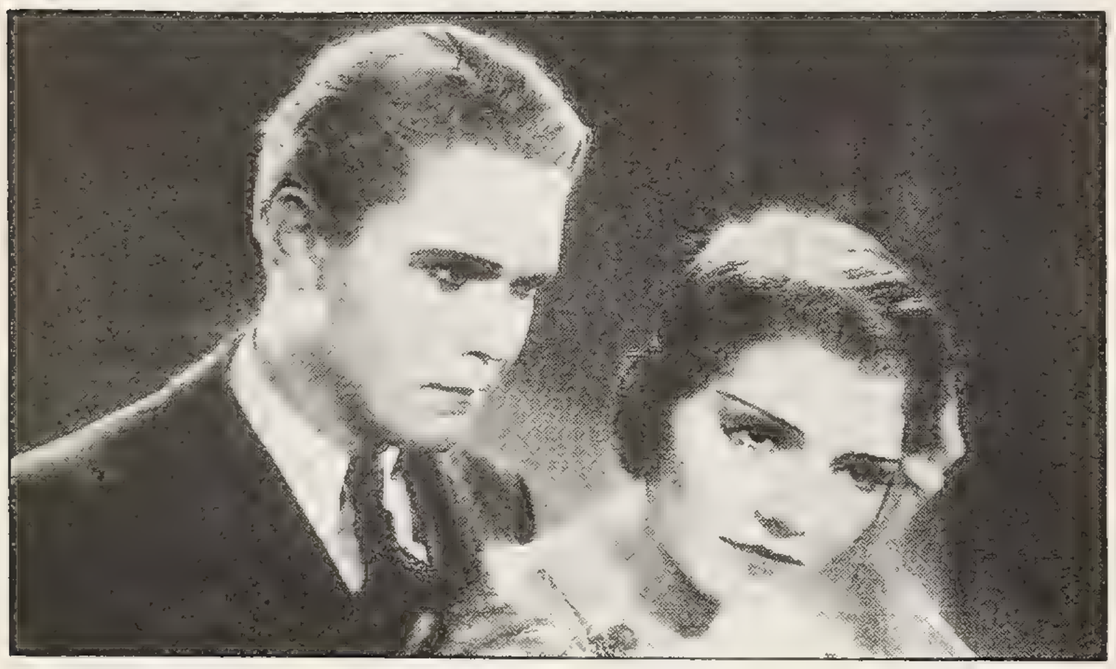
FANNY FOLEY HERSELF
Rating: GOOD
Radio

This is the first starring picture of that rare comedienne, Edna May Oliver, and it's great entertainment. The story has something to do with a woman who has become a famous comedienne of the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two lovely daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When they learn their mother's an actress—well it's just too bad. Helen Chandler, Rochelle Hudson and John Darrow are good.



MERELY MARY ANN
Rating: FAIR
Fox

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, known as the screen's sweetest couple, get just a little too sugary in this one. It's an old-fashioned, semi-musical with little or no plot. A young composer, proud and poor, struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay his rent. The little house maid falls in love with him and they go to live by the sea. She inherits a million and he becomes a success. And that makes everything dandy.



THE ROAD TO RENO
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

The first of the Reno-vated divorce pictures, and a good one because of Lilyan Tashman's performance of a muchly separated wife. The story is rather trite but the players make it intriguing. A modern mother (Miss Tashman) takes darling daughter along to Reno while securing her fourth divorce. The girl falls in love and a dastardly blackguard tries to marry Mama for her money. The swell cast includes Peggy Shannon and William Boyd.



I LIKE YOUR NERVE
Rating: FAIR
First National

Here's a romantic one for you. A young chap is asked to leave South America because he makes too much noise. On his way he sees a damsel in distress. Youthful Romeo whirls around, pursues the gal, climbs balconies, and does daring deeds à la Fairbanks Senior. Loretta Young assists young Doug and makes a charming heroine. Claude Allister, Henry Kolker and Boris Karloff help carry on the intrigue.



THE DANGEROUS AFFAIR
Rating: FAIR
Columbia

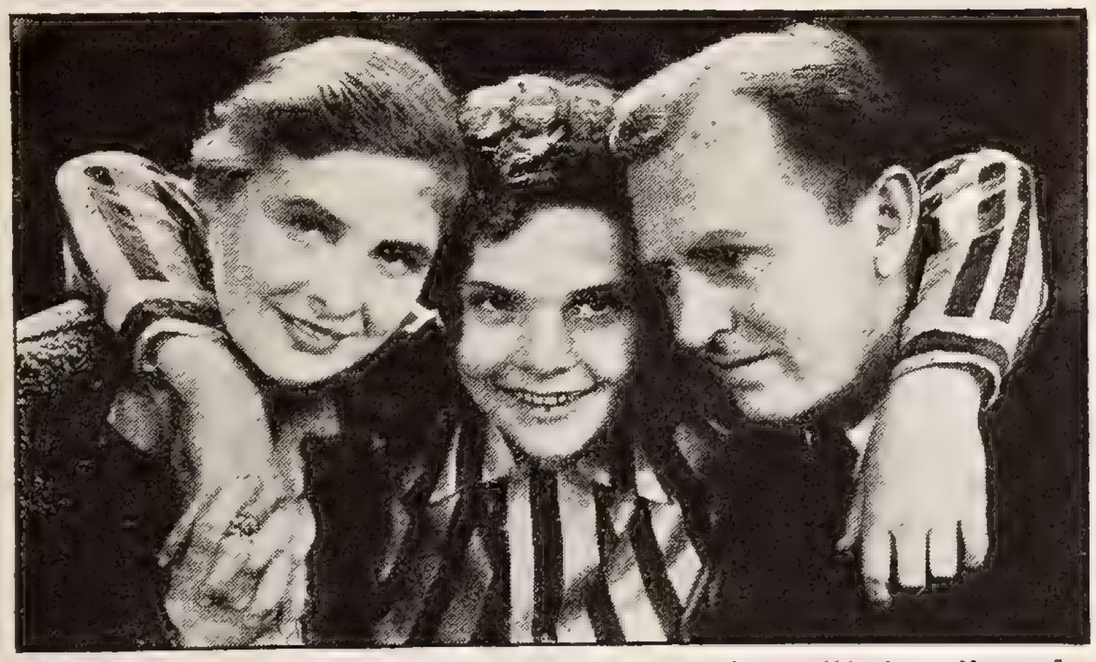
This is another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-midnight affairs. Spook drama, pure and simple. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt appears as a police lieutenant, deadly rivals for the favors of lovely blonde Sally Blane. I can't let you in on the secret. But if you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it and think twice before going to bed with the lights out.



PERSONAL MAID
Rating: FAIR
Paramount

Again some wonderful stars are wasted on a mediocre picture. Nancy Carroll plays a little Irish girl who is eager to break away from her drab tenement existence. She becomes a personal maid in a rich woman's house and gets herself involved in a series of adventures. The cast is splendid and makes the most of the poor material. You'll like Nancy, Gene Raymond (new to you), Pat O'Brien, Mary Boland and Nancy's sister Terry.

REVIEWING STAND



PENROD AND SAM
Rating: GOOD
First National

This is not as good as "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn", but youngsters and a lot of grown-ups will get many a laugh out of Booth Tarkington's noted boy story. No plot to speak of—just wandering around and fighting over a vacant lot, where they have a mysterious club, as kids will. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. Matt Moore, Dorothy Peterson, ZaSu Pitts and Charles Sellon are all fine in minor parts.



HONOR OF THE FAMILY
Rating: FAIR
First National

Poor Mr. Balzac would turn over in his grave if he saw the talkie version of his famous novel. Heigh ho. Bebe Daniels is again a lovely adventuress with designs on an old man's money. Young romance in the form of a handsome officer flies in the window and the plot gets complicated with deceptions and such. Another lover and a duel. Frederick Kerr is the old chappie, and Warren William and Alan Mowbray are the sweeties.



EAST OF BORNEO
Rating: GOOD
Universal

This isn't another "Trader Horn", but it is very near it for excitement. If you care for wild animal stuff in a large way, then this is your meat, as they say at the lion's cage. The action takes place in Borneo. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician. There is ample opportunity for wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapes. Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford have leading rôles.



SHANGHAIED LOVE
Rating: FAIR
Columbia

This one's about a cruel sea captain sailing the briny deep with a shanghaied crew. There's a pretty gal on board, a mysterious man learns she is his daughter, and a youngster decides to save her from "worse than death"—and so it goes. Pretty cheap stuff and not well presented. In silent form it was "The Blood Ship" and much more exciting. Noah Beery, Richard Cromwell and Sally Blane struggle with the poor material.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
Rating: FAIR
Fox

I'm afraid that Will Rogers will lose a lot of votes for president when his fans see this one. This was originally Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat" but the author would never recognize it now. Rogers plays a sap safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Rival steel kings engage seductive Jetta Goudal to vamp him. Anyway Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things.



GRAFT
Rating: FAIR
Universal

It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. Another dumb newspaper reporter sets out to catch a murderer and clean up a big city. He's so dumb he involves his girl friend in the crime. But of course the dopy news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers upon the city editor's desk with the biggest scoop the town has ever known. So what? Regis Toomey, Sue Carol and Dorothy Revier are only fair.



The big Do-X greeted by the big star Lil Dagover—both from the Rhineland, where the Dornier carried 160 people and Lil carried all before her

More Movie

[*Continued*

WELL, there's another Daniels in the Lyon's den—as one reporter so quaintly put it. A five pound fourteen ounce baby girl arrived in the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon manor on September 10. The baby will be named Barbara Bebe, and mother and child are doing nicely, thank you.

BILLIE DOVE was chosen by the world-famous Hungarian artist, Rudolph Kiss, as the subject for a painting when he visited California recently. Billie was the only motion picture star selected by the noted artist, although scores of the screen's luminaries would have welcomed the invitation. Good for Billie. We allus thought she was a right purty gal.

HERE are a few pet aversions of your film stars:

Ina Claire's is long skirts on the street. James Gleason's is rhubarb. Lew Cody's is spotted shoes. Roland Young's is to talk about himself. Irene Purcell's is being photographed. Louise Fazenda's is parking stations. Helen Chandler's is meeting strangers. Nancy Carroll's is tabloid reporters.

LILI DAMITA arrived in Chicago looking her veree bes' because her boy friend Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of Kaiser Bill, took time off from his work to meet her at the train. But Sydney Smith (of the Social Register Smiths) caught the same train out of New York with Lili and arrived in Chicago at the same time. Imagine Louis' surprise, or Sydney's surprise, or Lili's surprise. Naughty Lili—two-timing again.

DID you know that Carl Laemmle, Junior, the Crown Prince of Universal, was one of the greatest athletes ever to grace the portals of the famous Clark School of New York? Didjer? Well it seems—and I have it on good authority from a former classmate of Carl's—that the opposing elevens considered him one of the most dangerous triple threat men whom they were called upon to face. And his amazing ability to run, punt and pass threw many a scare into his opponents' ranks. His field generalship time and again saved the team from the throes of defeat, but probably his greatest assets were courage and grit—good old-fashioned grit (not the hominy kind).

In the third game of the football season Clark School faced its strongest opponent, the All Hallows Institute of New York. Undoubtedly the factor which contributed most to the team's defeat was Laemmle's loss. Carl had been knocked out once in the first quarter but the team thought that he had completely recovered. However, at the second quarter with both teams in a scoreless tie, Carl was injured again and as he was carried from the gridiron he shouted, "Don't take me off the field, don't take me off the field. We've got to beat those fellows."

But despite his protests he was removed from the scene of the fray and upon examination by the doctor was found to have had three ribs smashed. For King, for Country, and for Clark. Rah-Rah-Rah, Laemmle!

SO NOW you know one of the reasons why young Laemmle is taking such an interest in "Spirit of Notre Dame" which Universal is releasing soon with Lew Ayres as star. Lew will make football more popular with the femmes than ever. J. Farrell MacDonald, who so closely resembles the late Knute Rockne, has logically been chosen to personify the famous Notre Dame coach on the screen.

NOAH BEERY has what sounds like a good racket to me. Noah owns the Paradise Trout Club up in the Arrowhead Mountains and not-too-ambitious anglers go up there and throw their lines into Noah's pool. The pool is full of trout trained by starvation to leap at the first signs of a fly. Old Man Noah lets you catch his fish and then sells them to you three for a dollar, which makes it just dandy for everybody—except the poor fish.

GREAT news for the kiddies! And the grown-ups too. Paramount is going to make "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with Junior Durkin and Charlotte Henry (remember Huck's girl in "Huckleberry Finn"?). And more great news along the same line is that Fox wants to make "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Janet Gaynor. Wouldn't Janet make an adorable Rebecca? Mary Pickford owns the rights to this film—and may object. But here's hoping she won't.

AND how are the sick today? "Better, thank you," says Joan Bennett who will soon be out of the hospital where she has been since she had that nasty fall from her horse. Evalyn Knapp is feeling rather perky again too, and is ready to take up her job at the old picture factory any day now. But Carole Lombard is feeling "purty porely" as they say in the mountain dramas. Young Mrs. William Powell had to withdraw from "The Greeks Had a Word for It" on account of illness and since Sam Goldwyn was behind on his schedule already and couldn't wait for Carole to recuperate he borrowed Madge Evans from M-G-M for the rôle.



Eddie Cantor, the United Artist comic, in the midst of the doughnuts gets propositioned by the cooks in "Palmy Days"

Town Topics

from page 17]

DID you know that Sylvia Sidney's real name is Sophie Sidney; that Joan Crawford's real name is Billie Cassin; that Nancy Carroll's is Ann LaHiff; that Janet Gaynor's is Laura Gainer; that Jean Harlow's is Harlean Carpenter; that Marian Marsh's is Violet Krauth; that Marlene Dietrich's is Mary Magdalene von Losch; that Barbara Stanwyck's is Ruby Stevens and that Tallulah Bankhead is Tallulah Bankhead? Or do you care?

Did you know that Greta Garbo's real name is Greta Gustafson? You *didn't?* You mean, you *didn't?* Well, young man, step right up on this rostrum and let us have a look at you. You are probably the only one of your kind in America. Did you know that? Or do you care?

FRIENDS of Sally O'Neil will be glad to learn that Sally is well enough to leave the hospital and is at home again. She had a heart attack caused by an airplane trip.

IF ALL the screen mothers were like Mrs. Harlow there would be a lot more fun in stars' dressing rooms. She's an asset all right, not a libation. And she tells the grandest jokes. There's the one about—. But perhaps you're too young. Anyway, Mrs. Harlow is this department's candidate for Favorite Screen Mother. And don't page Mr. Whistler.

Marlene Dietrich is now painting her toenails black. I wonder why? I can't think of any good reason.

EDDIE LOWE is nervously exhausted after two years of steady work and his physician has ordered a long rest. So Eddie and Lilyan are looking up boat schedules and Paris addresses.

SILVER SCREEN can take a bow on the June Collyer and Stuart Erwin wedding.

The happy event was predicted on these pages many weeks before it happened.

THE heavy romance between Howard Hughes, former sweetie of Billie Dove, and Lillian Bond, ousted Warner player, is still going strong, 'tis said.

Howard went in a big way for Marjorie King, but John Gilbert beat his time.

MRS. EDITH M. SHEARER, mother of Norma Shearer, created a lot of excitement in Hollywood by taking up a Reno residence and getting a divorce, charging non-support.

Why the local folks should get thrilled because a movie star's mother gets the marital knot severed, we haven't the slightest idea.

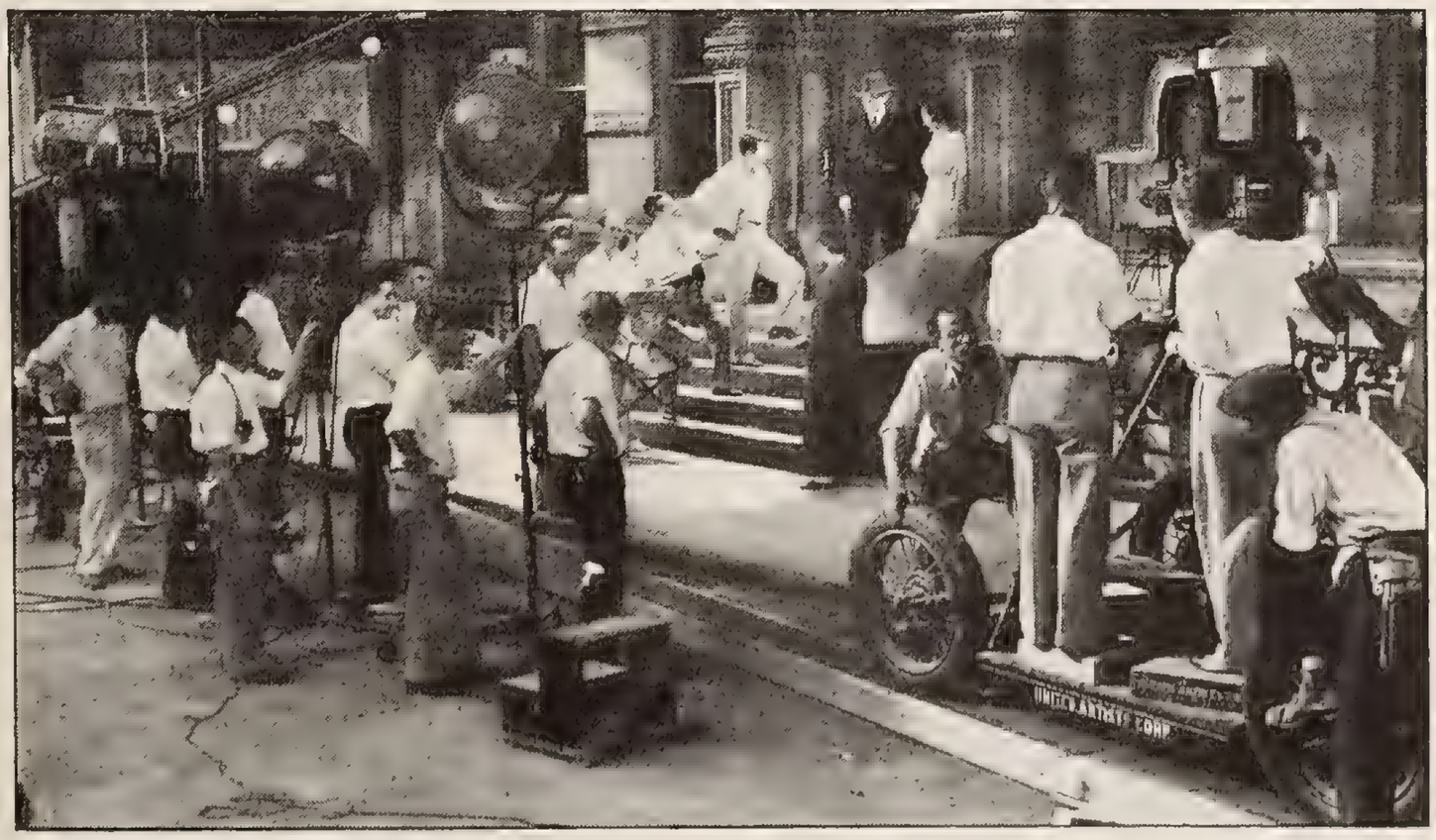
ESTHER RALSTON is a busy young lady these days—taking care of her new baby and her beauty shop. In a few weeks, she'll be taking some reducing treatments, too.

NEARLY every critic acclaimed the work of Duncan Renaldo who appeared in "Trader Horn", but now that Duncan has managed to straighten out his difficulties with immigration authorities on his entry into this country, he can't get a job.

The travel films aren't so popular.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, former wife of H. H. Van Loan, scenarist and playwright, loaned the financially embarrassed author money to pay back alimony to his first wife.

Now that is being a good sport.



How they made "Street Scene". Buster Collier and Sylvia Sidney on their toes for the scene which is now making them famous



Kay Francis and Joel McCrea in Paramount's "Girls About Town" the Zoe Akins piece. Kay is racing for stardom and as you see is one lap ahead

LUPE VELEZ is wearing a new diamond of several karats and it is said to be a present from the head man of a large studio.

HERE'S a sad story with a moral. All about a little girl who tried to buy her way into pictures. Dorothy Jarvis sued Richard Thomas, head of the independent company bearing his name, claiming that the picture, "Woman Forgotten", in which she appeared had not been released as he promised.

It seems that Mama invested $15,000 so darling daughter Dot could have a featured part. Thomas claimed the picture had been released. Woman forgotten, all right, all right.

RALPH BELLAMY, newcomer to the screen, who scored a hit with Ruth Chatterton in her last picture, married Frances Willard, New York stage star.

THELMA TODD, pretty blonde, of two-reel Hal Roach comedies, who will be known as Alison Lloyd in dramatic pictures, is receiving a lot of attention from Ronald Colman these days.

Thelma recently broke her engagement to Abe Lyman, famous orchestra leader.

Eddie Quillan seems to be very much "that way" about Joan Marsh.

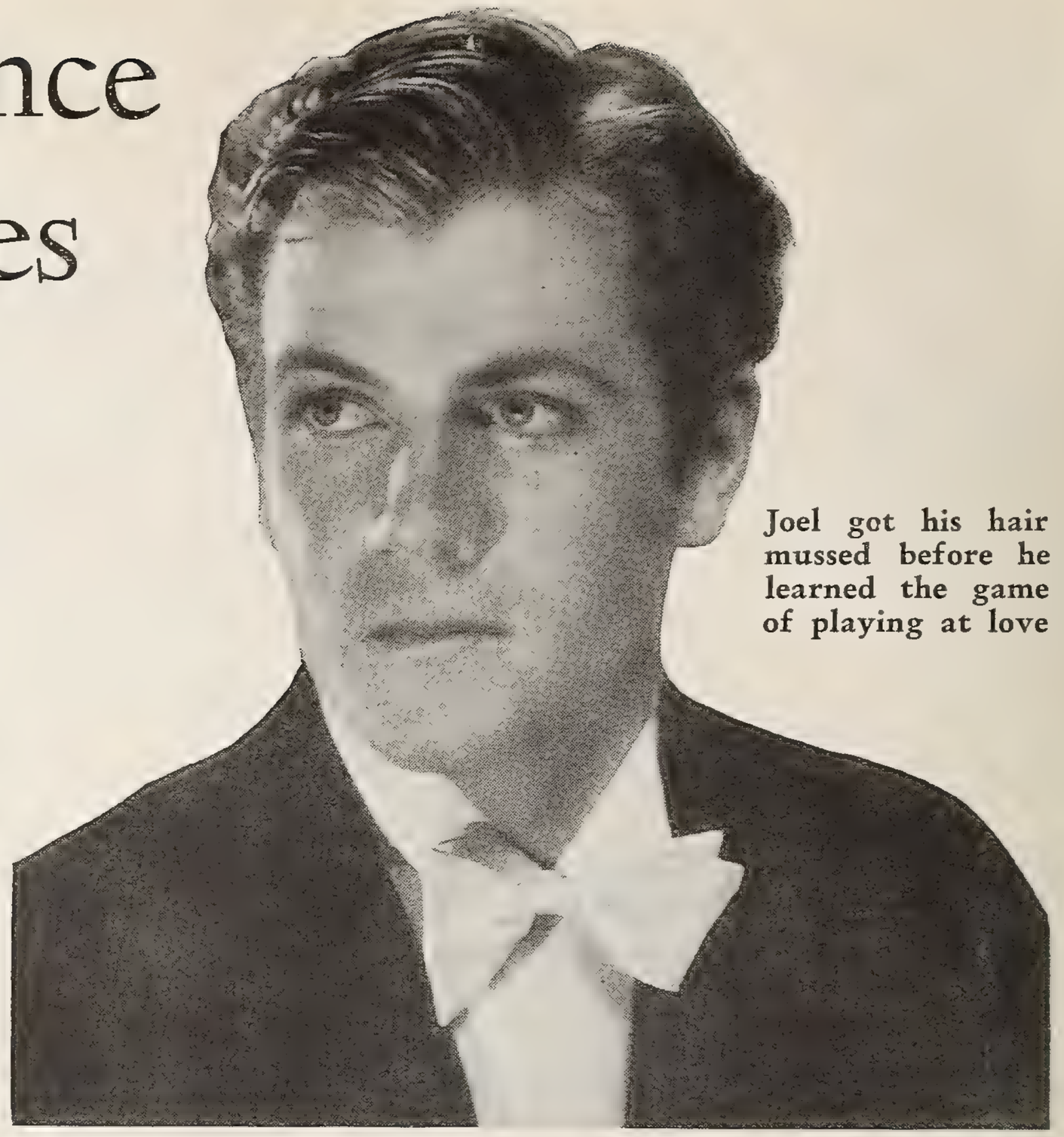
NILS ASTHER, hubby of Vivien Duncan, forgot to pay for a car he rented for several weeks.

The collectors got mad and insisted that Nils explain his forgetfulness to a judge. [*More Movietown Topics on page* 60]

He's *the* Prince *of* Juveniles

Joel McCrea Could Claim a Title Too

By
Margaret Reid



Joel got his hair mussed before he learned the game of playing at love

JOEL McCREA, currently in the ascendant toward cinematic popularity, is the perfect example of Hollywood anachronism. Disregarding, temporarily, his position in the film firmament, consider Joel McCrea himself—separate from cameras, fan adulation, studios and Constance Bennett.

Born, in Pasadena, into a quiet, prosperous middle-class family, Joel was planted in the soil of conventional standards—honesty, respect for parents, wholesomeness of mind and sincerity of heart. His father was secretary of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation; his mother, the sort of mother who is inevitably and importantly a part of homes like these. For it was a home exactly like thousands of others the country over. It was pleasant and cheerful and pervaded with a comfortable aura of integrity and common sense.

In these surroundings, little Joel grew up. Even when he was nine and his family moved to Hollywood, the change wrought no change in the quiet family life of the McCreas. Hollywood, of course, was not yet Hollywood then. It was a pleasant, sleepy little town set among orange groves. And Joel progressed from boyhood, through adolescence, in an environment as prosaic as could be found in any small town throughout the country.

Of course, the movies were apparent even then. But they did not yet dominate the town. They were a civic curiosity, with none of the natives particularly curious about them. For Joel, they simply made tangible the dream of every little boy's heart. Joel read cowboy stories, he attended cowboy movies. He wanted to be a cowboy. And wear spurs and chaps.

Now, every little boy wants, at some time or other, to be a cowboy. But, when he reaches a certain age, he realizes that it is not a wholly practical idea. Joel reached that age—but Joel lived in a town where cowboys, complete with spurs and chaps, walked along the streets in broad daylight. They were actors, but that didn't matter. They were, to all intents and purposes, cowboys.

So the youthful Joel determined to be a cowboy-actor. It would probably, as a matter of fact, be more exciting than life on the range, anyway—with more varied opportunities for narrowing the eyes along the barrel of a gun and riding swiftly into the setting sun in pursuit of indescribably villainous villains.

That, then, was his ambition. As he grew older and schools occupied more and more of his time, he never swerved from this fixed intention. Graduated from the Hollywood High School and instated at Pomona College, Joel had attained a height well over six feet. Broad-shouldered, with the graceful strength of the athlete, a handsome, clean-cut face distinguished by honest blue eyes that seemed ever fixed on the blue horizon of some vast desert swept clean by the wind—he was an arresting figure.

He appeared in a college play—the leading rôle opposite a girl whose father came out from Hollywood especially to see the show. Afterwards, the father came backstage and asked to meet "the young man". He met the young man, and told him to come to see him when the term was over—told him to ask for Sam Woods, at M.G.M.

That was the beginning. Naturally, when he left college, he went to see the director. He was given extra work, signed as a sort of stock player—meaning a high-class extra available at all times. Joel didn't especially like the work—a great, strapping youth with a penchant for horses and prairies wouldn't. But it was a means to an end, and he wanted to learn his trade.

He worked earnestly, whole-heartedly. Simply because, perhaps, his six feet of modern Adonis made an inescapable view, he was grad- [*Continued on page* 68]

THIS story on Joel McCrea is SILVER SCREEN'S "request interview" for this month. Each month SILVER SCREEN will publish a request story on the star who gets the most votes for that month. So tell us whom you'd like to read about, and we'll do the rest. Send your vote to Sally Forth, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York.



JACKIE COOPER and BOBBY COOGAN

THEY are trying to make out witch is witch. "Sooky" is their latest picture and if it repeats the success of "Skippy" it will need more magic than Hallowe'en

DYAR



MIEHLE

CHESTER is making a rushing, action picture "Corsair" in which he turns pirate, but not one of the costume party kind. Before starting on this character part, he took a cruise in a freighter,

CHESTER
MORRIS



WILLIAM BAKEWELL

THE future looks bright indeed for William since his great rôle of Tommy Osgood in "Guilty Hands". M-G-M has interesting plans

DAVID MANNERS and RUTH HALL

IT IS the sportsman's season when ducks can't resist decoys. The cameras have completed shooting Ruth Hall and David Manners for their next pictures; David in "Local Boy Makes Good" and Ruth in "Monkey Business" so now it is their turn

DONALD COOK
and
MARIAN MARSH

DONALD COOK and pretty Marian Marsh, Warner Brothers players, in the giant redwood forest surrounding Lake Arrowhead. "Shall we try for the heights?" asks Donald. "Watch me," answers Marian. And we shall

LIPPMAN



HURRELL

LUPE VELEZ

SHE'S the hot spot of Hollywood. Her name is synonymous with passion and her behavior under the lash of temperament makes headlines whirl in dizzy cataclysm. In other words she's Lupe Velez



CARSLY

BILLIE DOVE

BILLIE DOVE at last has a wonderful part in "The Age for Love", a United Artists picture. Billie uses her great beauty to make this rôle dramatic. Perhaps the theme, "There



GRETA GARBO

DIANA, Goddess of Mythology, originated the chase picture but it remained for Garbo, Hollywood's own goddess, to look the part. Garbo goes on. "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" will be followed by "Mata Hari". No other star even challenges her position. She is the figurehead at the prow of the good ship "Cinema"

"I'm over 45!"



NANCE O'NEIL. Who would dream, looking at this photograph taken in 1930, that she is over 45! "Stage and screen stars cherish complexion beauty," she says. "It's *youth* that wins hearts!"

SAYS NANCE O'NEIL

Famous Stage and Screen Star tells the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"I'M over 45—you see I admit so much," says Nance O'Neil. "Perhaps I should admit more, but it is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels.

"For my part, I don't think anyone, especially women, should tag themselves with dates, and I believe the world in general would be happier and better if birthdays were never recorded.

"Constructive thought and care of the skin are two things that help one to escape the marks of time.

"Any woman who knows how to keep her complexion youthful can be charming at any age!

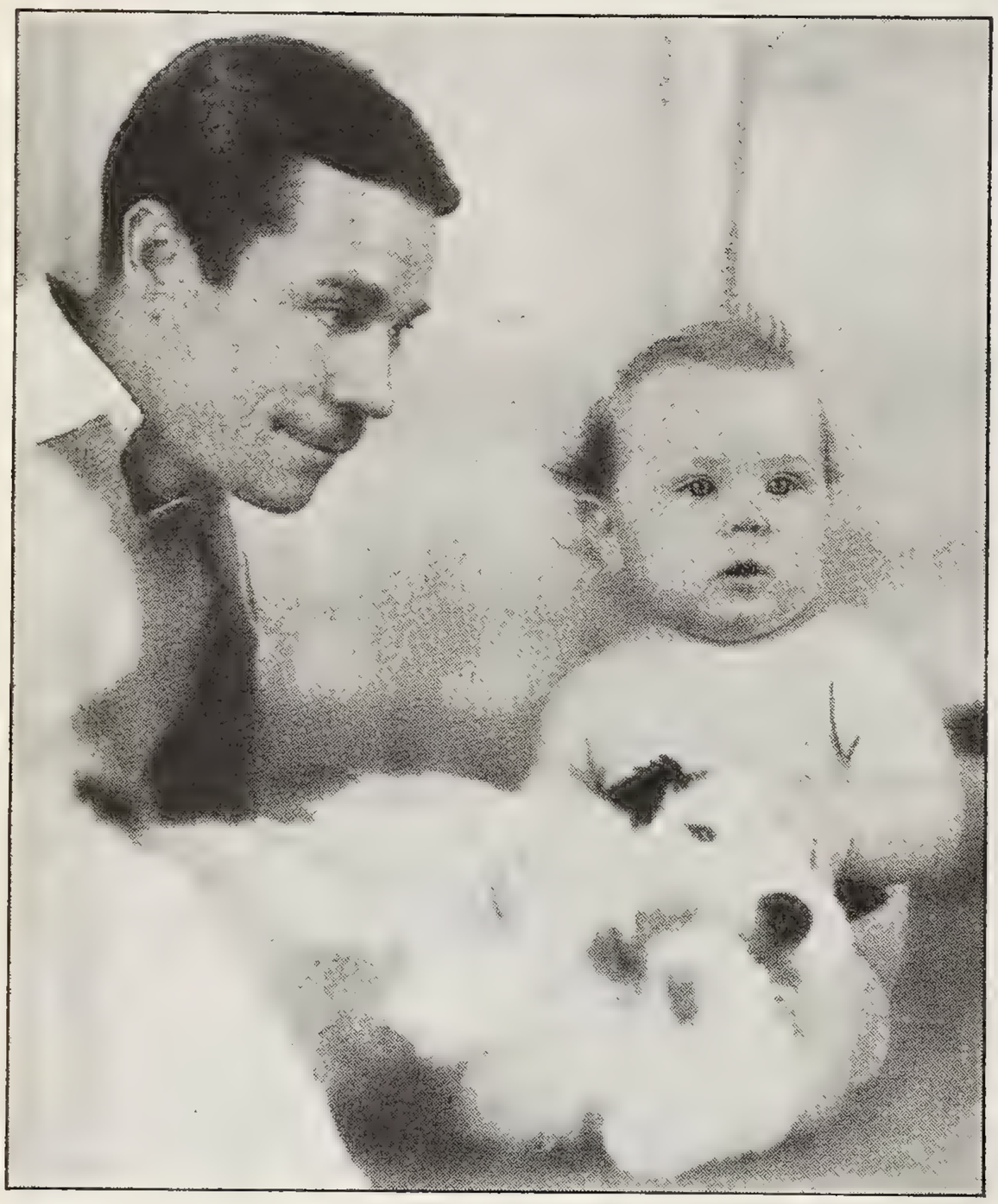
"Stage and screen stars know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has appeal. Several years ago, I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it regularly."

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 agree with this beautiful star! So regularly do they use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty, it has been made *official* in all the great film studios.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

MORE MOVIETOWN TOPICS

[*Continued from page* 49]



Miss Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown and papa Joe E. of Warner-First National fame. Joe's smile has grown even bigger because of Mary



In "Street Scene" Greta Granstedt made them sit forward in their chairs when she came on. Watch her. Allan Fox plays opposite her with a fine intensity

HOLLYWOOD got quite a shock when the news of Mary Duncan's marriage to Louis Woods, Jr. was disclosed.

For a long time cinemaland was intrigued by the supposed romance between Mary and Winfield R. Sheehan, the head man of the Fox Studios.

It's quite likely that Mary will give up her film career.

MONTE BLUE'S five-year-old daughter, Barbara Ann, suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. An emergency operation saved her life.

STEPIN FETCHIT, lackadaisical negro film comedian, isn't so funny at home, so it seems.

Stepin's wife has filed suit for divorce, claiming that the comic of the cinema socked her around the house and committed various ungentlemanly tactics.

THEODORE (Much Publicity) Dreiser, author of "An American Tragedy", is in Reno to write a new novel. Despite the fact that he didn't like the way Paramount picturized his famous novel, he is willing to accept large figures from producers for film rights to his other stories.

SALLY BLANE, pretty blonde, is going around places with William Bakewell.

ESTHER RALSTON'S baby cost her just $100,000.

The pretty blonde picture star figured up the other day that the rôle of motherhood had set her back that much in offers she was forced to turn down for film work.

Well, babies come high in these times.

GLORIA SWANSON is back from Europe looking more chic than ever and is being escorted hither and yon by Michael Farmer, Irish, millionaire, and playboy of the whole cock-eyed world. Gloria gets her final decree from Marquis Hank the first of November. And then the question is: Will Connie Bennett do right by Hank?

TERRY CARROLL, Nancy's sister, is Tallulah Bankhead's "stand-in" at the Paramount, Long Island studio. And, believe it or not, she looks more like Tallulah than Tallulah does herself.

NOW that Alice White has signed up for a vaudeville tour she is getting all sorts of offers from the picture companies. What to do? What to do? Well, life is like that.

JEAN HARLOW is making "Blonde Baby" for Columbia, and is taking dramatic lessons and vocal lessons on the side. There's a girl who doesn't believe that she knows everything, and it's right refreshing to know one in these do-as-I-say-or-I'll-walk-off-the-set times.

PAT SOMERSET, former idol of the English stage, recently married Barbara Todd of Baltimore. Several days after his marriage he was found working as an extra in a new Ruth Chatterton picture.

Such is fame.

NANCY CARROLL'S honeymoon was abruptly interrupted by the Paramount meanies who wanted her to play the lead in "The Man I Killed", which is being made on the West Coast. Too bad for the luck of the Irish this time. Nancy has been making all her pictures in New York—up until the time she went on her honeymoon. It's a conspiracy.

NORMAN FOSTER has been signed by Universal on a five-year contract so he had to pack his bag and kiss little wifie Claudette Colbert good-bye at Grand Central Station. Claudette will spend the winter at her New York apartment on Central Park West with her mother. But the gods are good—occasionally—so she'll have the chance of seeing Norman in October when she goes to the Coast to make a picture.

CONNIE BENNETT caused a near riot in New York the evening she appeared at the Ziegfeld "Follies". The glorified ones were so busy looking at her that they nearly forgot their lines. You could just hear them saying to themselves (an old "Follies" custom) "What has she got that I haven't got?" The answer, dearie, is—$30,000 a week.

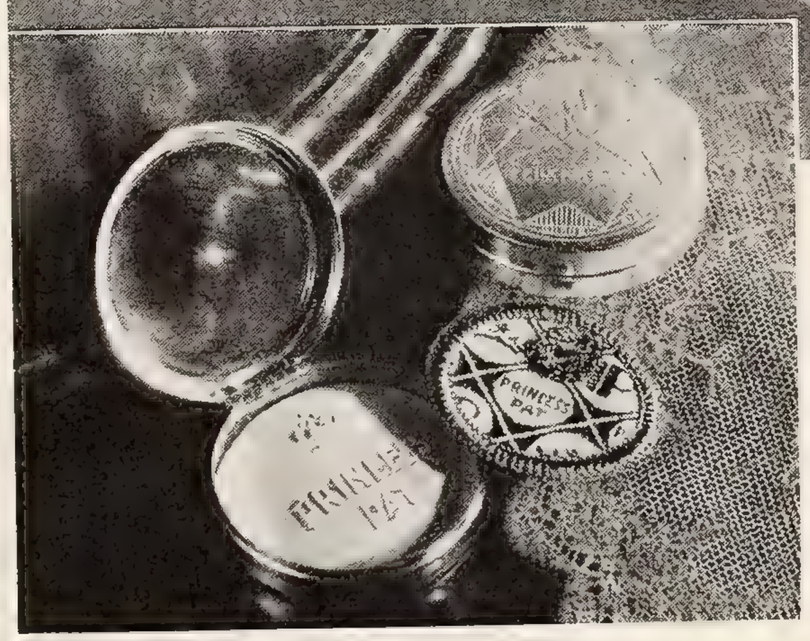
Give thought to Your Rouge

to have it Natural

ONLY IF THE COLOR "SEEMS TO COME FROM WITHIN THE SKIN," DOES ROUGE GIVE BEWITCHING BEAUTY

By Patricia Gordon





ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the *one rouge* of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is *Princess Pat* — because *none other* possesses the almost magical secret of the *famous duo-tone blend.*

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess *naturally*, shows through the skin, from *beneath.* It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing *through* the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat Natural Color

If you've used only usual rouge, *try* Princess Pat. A small thing to *do*, surely . . . yet *startling* as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an adorable *transparency* of skin texture, enriched so magically that *no matter how much color you use* it will seem your *very own.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret can give this "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an *exclusive*, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a *mystical underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With *usual* rouge, you are restricted to *just one shade* — the one that "matches your skin." That *must* be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades *match every skin.* Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will — to harmonize with your gown — to be brilliant or demure — to be fashionably different.

Your Complete Make-up in Perfect Color Harmony

Remember that *all* Princess Pat make-up aids give the famous Princess Pat Color Harmony make-up *automatically.* This most beautiful of all effects is carried out in Princess Pat almond base face powder, eye make-up and lip rouge.

Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect *that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.*



FREE Lip Rouge Free! That's enticing. But more than that, it is an entirely new kind — *ABSOLUTELY INDELIBLE* Princess Pat . . . with the already famous inner tint secret of coloring lips naturally. Actually the rich, glorious color imparted seems to come from within the lips themselves—not to be "painted on." Absence of waxy consistency permits this magical effect. This is the famous inner tint secret.

To receive your free box of lip rouge, do this: Just purchase a box of Princess Pat *compact* rouge. In every box, under the little puff, there is a printed paper slip. Send this slip, and the coupon below, to Princess Pat. Your free box of lip rouge will be sent at once.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 So. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. 155-B. Enclosed find paper slip from box of Princess Pat compact rouge. For this, send me free box of Princess Pat lip rouge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Do Women Love Cave Men?

[*Continued from page* 41]

I allowed him to struggle over his steak for a moment.

"Do women love cave-men?" I interrupted at last.

"They do and they don't," he elucidated. "A cave-man may be nice to have around where he has his own private jungle cave and run-way. That is the ideal condition, of course. He might be a great lover under those circumstances and get away with it."

"Is there an if to your answer?" I demanded.

"Sherlockian, aren't you?" he taunted.

I got all jittery again when he looked that way at me, and I busied myself with my salad to hide my confusion.

"Here's the point I was trying to make," he explained. "A cave-man may be all right in his natural habitat. He may be satisfactory and thrilling and exactly right for every woman given the right conditions. But take him under ordinary conditions. Does a woman love a man who occasionally takes chunks out of the grand piano to wreck the buffet with? I doubt it. A cave-man is about as useful and necessary to the modern woman as a bull in a china shop."

I acknowledged that I hadn't thought of that. Then, I saw the twinkle in his eye, and knew that he was deliberately and with malice aforethought getting my goat.

"But seriously, what is the status of the cave-man as a lover?" I persisted.

"Brutes always have been loved," he amended. "You can see this by the popularity of such pictures as Bancroft's and the philandering Sergeant played by Eddie Lowe in 'What Price Glory.' This characterization built Lowe into a box-office power because the brute in it appealed to the women fans. Women have everything so absolutely their own way that they crave being bullied now more than ever because of the novelty of the situation. This is a woman's world, run for, by and of women. They have advanced more in the last ten years than they have in the last thousand. And this very thing has caused them to yearn for the man who can dominate them, force them to do his bidding."

He suppressed a chuckle.

"Out with it," I ordered.

"I was about to say, let a man try and do it and see what happens."

"What happens?" I persisted.

"Plenty." There were volumes in the word.

So on the authority of a man of force and power, I would advise you boys to refrain from the impulse to get forceful and brutish. Don't go too far with the little woman. Or else.

What is one man's meat is another man's poison. You can't all of you be Clark Gables, you know.

And I think Clark is probably right about the answer to the question "Do women love cave-men?"

They do. And they don't.



George Bancroft shows David Durand the difference between a fore top gallant and a flying jib boom, in "Rich Man's Folly". Ships have always been good to George, remember "Old Ironsides"?



modern girls make money in Art....

As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Manufacturers of wall paper, furniture, draperies, dress fabrics, jewelry, kitchenware — base their success today on color and design. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

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How To Create Fascinating Beauty

WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MAGIC SECRET *of* MAKE-UP



GENEVIEVE TOBIN, *Universal star in "Seed" says: "One must be careful to avoid off-color make-up, and that is why I prefer my own color harmony in 'Society Make-Up' exclusively."*



SYDNEY FOX, *Universal star, in "Strictly Dishonorable," and* MAX FACTOR, *Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony shade of Lipstick.*

ANY girl can be more attractive with this new make-up discovery...created originally for the screen stars, and now offered to you by Hollywood's make-up genius!

Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...discover how individualized color harmony in Society Make-Up doubles beauty. Be like a screen star and permit Max Factor to create your own color harmony in make-up.

Accept this priceless gift...mail coupon

IN Hollywood, we have found that make-up's secret of attraction is correct color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow for each type...for each variation in blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

We proved that off-colors in powder or rouge or lipstick mar beauty; cause complexion colorings to appear spotty, "loud" and even grotesque.

Under blazing motion picture lights the faults of haphazard make-up were quickly visible. Unseen clashes in color or faulty texture were picked up by the searching camera lens.

Thus, through this unique experience in such a trying testing laboratory, with beauty worth millions at stake, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, created a new kind of make-up, based on his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's, and in every picture released from Hollywood you see its magic beauty in the loveliness of the stars of the screen.

Now you may share this magic make-up secret which won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Like you were a screen star, Max Factor will create your individual color harmony in Society Make-up...exactly according to your own complexion analysis. You'll discover the one way to create beauty with make-up that is actually fascinating. You'll discover the one color harmony in make-up, in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow for every day, that's perfect for you...that will emphasize the beauty appeal of your complexion colorings. Accept this priceless gift now...fill in and mail coupon.

How to overcome skin problems with make-up

You'll also receive copy of Max Factor's 48-page illustrated book..."The New Art of Society Make-up." It tells how to make-up a dry skin; how to make-up an oily skin. How to create a satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours. Gives answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems. Mail coupon now.

Two Tests Prove the Beauty Magic of This Make-Up For You

Facing the Lights

You know that soft, subdued lighting is always flattering...Imagine facing blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun. Think how perfect Max Factor's make-up must be, for screen stars use it every day as beauty insurance. Now you, too, may be sure of satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up.





Facing the Camera

Do you know how uncomplimentary, how unflattering a camera can be? Think how perfect in texture; how satin-smooth Max Factor's make-up must be to appear flawless before the searching camera lens; to add a wondrous charm to beauty. Now you may discover what a difference there can be in make-up.

Illustrative Photo Studies of MAE CLARKE, *Universal Star.*



THIS BOOK FREE...*read what 60 famous screen stars write about make-up.*

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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"*... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ☆☆ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© *1931 Max Factor*

More Love and Hisses

[*Continued from page* 8]

THE FOREIGN VERSION

New York City

TO those movie fans and critics who have not yet become acquainted with it—let me present the Foreign Version.

Every foreign version which it has been my privilege to see has made the English picturization decrepit. I cannot understand German. Yet the Teutonic "Anna Christie" thrilled me, while the English version seemed merely adequate. Norma Shearer long has been a favorite of mine. Yet she is now superseded by Nora Gregor, whose performance in the German "Trial of Mary Dugan" made film history.

With French, I am acquainted only slightly. Yet the French version of "The Big Pond" topped the English one by a song—oh, quite a naughty, Chevalier song.

And to cap all this comes "Le Petit Cafe," French version of the entertaining program picture, "Playboy of Paris." In English, we enjoyed it mostly because of the sterling Chevalier. In French, he was a jewel, a diamond in a platinum setting. In French, the picture was almost up to the standard of "The Love Parade." It had feeling, warmth, depth, finer direction, and better construction.

I don't know what to make of it. Do directors imagine that Europeans are more "choosy" than Americans? If so, let the producers beware. Only poor movies can keep the public from the theatres! Until tactics are changed, however, I shall have to satisfy myself with the all-too infrequent foreign versions.

Pearl A. Katzman

RADIO STARS

New York, N. Y.

WHY doesn't someone pass a law prohibiting screen stars from trying to become radio stars and radio stars from trying to become screen stars? For some unknown reason, when movie stars go on the air they are terrible. They disillusion their admirers and thus hurt their own pocketbooks. The same is unfortunately true of radio stars. Chevalier, Rudy Vallee, and Amos 'n' Andy were all flops when they left their own fields and tried to take in new territory. Chevalier loses his wonderful personality and acting ability over the radio, and Vallee never had any acting ability. The exception that proves the rule is Will Rogers. He is truly a star of both the screen and radio.

Except for Will Rogers, the rest are pretty bad. It is a very bad situation; the fan loses his idol and the star loses the fans, which is not a profitable arrangement from any side. Yes, yes, a law should be passed.

Len Zinberg.

A RAVE FOR KAY FRANCIS

Duluth, Minn.

ACTRESSES may come and go. Cute little things like Alice White and "It" girls like Clara Bow. Sophisticated women of the world with low voices like Ruth Chatterton. Dreamy-eyed goddesses who are reputed to live alone and spurn the "rabble" like Greta Garbo. Aloof-looking strangers like Marlene Dietrich.

But Kay Francis goes on forever. I saw her in "Street of Chance," in "Gentlemen of the Press," and in "Passion Flower." She was, in my estimation, perfect. She has it all over her rivals, and she is much better to look at.

All ye who worship at the shrine of the heavenly Chatterton and the mystical Garbo, turn your face towards the shrine of Kay Francis, for before another dawn all will flock to her temple.

Etta Levine

THE SCRAPBOOK

Blytheville, Ark.

IN KEEPING a scrapbook the motion picture fan is doing more than creating pleasure for himself; he is recording the history of the screen.

Turning over the leaves of our scrapbook history, we go back to the days when Mary Pickford was gaining fame in kid rôles. In the flip of a page, the type changes from the gaga heroine to the vamp, with Theda Bara and Barbara La Marr ruling the screen.

Colleen Moore makes a hit in "Flaming Youth," and the flapper type fills a number of pages with Clara Bow in the lead. Rudy Valentino makes a hit about the same time and we have the foreign invasion to Hollywood.

There isn't much change until King Talking Pictures wins the battle from the old monarch, Silent Pictures. What a change! Our pages are filled with new faces and many old ones are missing.

Not only are the changes in pictures recorded here, but also the private life of the stars. Their triumphs and failures, love affairs and quarrels, marriages and divorces, what they eat and wear, death and even murder are revealed in our history of the silver screen.

Lucille Laden Stroud

Scrambled Stills! Scrambled Stills!

Thousands and thousands of contest answers have been received by the Scrambled Stills Editors and the careful examination is now going on.

When the editors scramble out from under, someone is going to be a winner in a big way and there will be thirty-one others in the money.

Have patience, puzzlers.

SH!

Detroit, Mich.

WHAT is all the hooey over Constance Bennett? Who said that she was beautiful and that she outclasses Gloria Swanson in chic? Look at her square jaw and bony face and those sick looking eyes of hers, to say nothing of that mediocre complexion. As for dressing, she does not even know the meaning of *chic.*

I dislike her; do you hear me?

Marie Lee Kromis

THE GARBO-DIETRICH CONTROVERSY AGAIN

Worcester, Mass.

GARBO and Dietrich. When is this odious comparing going to end? True, there is a slight physical resemblance between the stars, but as far as their artistic attributes are concerned, they are as far apart as the poles.

Even their physical resemblance is not very marked. Marlene's beauty is sensual; Garbo's is spiritual. Dietrich is body; Garbo is soul. When we think of Dietrich we think of lovely legs; when we think of Garbo we think of a beautiful soul.

Garbo is the one actress who has never had to undress on the screen to hold the interest of her audience. Unlike most actors who appeal to the emotions, Garbo appeals to the mind and soul. That is why she does not appeal to persons of low intelligence. They are utterly unable to appreciate and comprehend her supreme artistry.

Garbo and Dietrich. It is like comparing a goddess to a scrubwoman.

Alvhild V. Holmes

MOVIES—A DEFINITION

Guthrie, Ky.

MY DEFINITION of movies: first—a salve for the discouraged; second—a boon for the poor; third—a tonic for the restive; and last, an education for all.

Helen Evan Laffoon

SOPHISTICATED

Galveston, Texas

I am sick of these sophisticated movies that try to be so smart and end in being so boring. I am thinking about "Rebound" which I saw last evening. Ina Claire may be a great actress, and no doubt she is, but I am sure that the movie going public could see nothing in that picture to get excited over. "Tarnished Lady" is another of those pictures that try to be smart and New Yorkish. It was so boring that my husband went to sleep during it. And the same might be said for Tallulah Bankhead that I said about Ina Claire. They may be good behind the footlights but I don't think they are very dazzling as screen stars. I'd rather have Janet Gaynor and Nancy Carroll any day. My friends and I want pictures with action—not this drawing room drama with its everlasting teacups and cocktails.

Ellen Smith



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I'll tell you how to attain greater popularity—

I'll lay before you secrets that influence the minds of men and women, enabling you to make them do what you want them to do—

I'll show you the magnetic secrets that make people dominant, forceful personalities—

I'll explain how successful men dominate situations—

I'll give you the magnetic secrets that have won quick and conspicuous success in every field of endeavor—

And I'll show you how to apply these secrets of magnetism in just 24 hours or I don't want a cent of your money.

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless Shaftesbury's famous secrets of personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours —*you don't pay a cent!*

Results in 24 Hours

Shaftesbury's secrets will show you how the minds of others may be swayed—how to appear always at your best—how to dominate situations through the force of personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure. You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness.

The moment you read Shaftesbury's secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. The fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers vastly increased.

Shaftesbury's methods of personal magnetism should enable you to acquire individuality—show you how to acquire a vibrant charming voice, a more fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality—can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

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Shaftesbury's famous secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

The scope of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

Originally published to sell for $5—this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark burgundy with the title gold embossed, is being offered at the special price of $3. Send no money with the coupon—pay no C.O.D. You get the book first.

Remember, if this book is not all it is claimed to be—simply return it within 5 days and pay us nothing! Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only $3.00 in full payment.

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Special price $2.00 if payment accompanies coupon. This saves heavy bookkeeping and clerical expense. Money refunded if dissatisfied and book is returned within five days.



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.



Bob Montgomery whispers sweet nothings to Irene Purcell in "Man in Possession"

Life Story of Robert Montgomery

(*Continued from page* 25)

It was all very polite, and if we were good we were given graham crackers and milk at recess.

There was a trip to Europe sandwiched in between Overfield and later schooling at Pawling, New York. Europe, or any other place, doesn't matter much to a boy of eleven, but I knew that I wanted to go back some time.

Pawling was an unpleasant experience to me. It's a good school, don't misunderstand me, but I disliked the routine, and I met my Waterloo every time the mathematics class got together. At 7:00 we had to get up and take our showers. At 7:30 we had to be at the breakfast table. If I was one minute late I did without my breakfast and served detention, too. At 8:00 there was chapel, and from 8:30 until 1:00 we had classes. If you had behaved yourself the rest of the afternoon was your own. If you had detention, and most of us did, you stayed indoors. Dinner was at 6:00. We studied until 9:00, and at 9:30 all lights were out. And I mean all lights were out. They were turned off by a master switch. We had three chapel exercises on Sunday, grace before dinner, and prayers afterward. It was an Episcopalian school.

My brother, Don, missed all of that. He is two years younger than I am, and he always had private tutors. The tutors didn't stay very long for Don was damned with charm, and had his instructors wound around his little finger.

Once, I remember, mother found Don and the current tutor playing golf at the country club when he should have been struggling with intransitive verbs. She was furious, and gave the poor man quite a talking to.

"But, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, spreading his hands, helplessly, "Don *smiled*."

My smiles were never that effective at Pawling.

Don and I played together a great deal when we were youngsters. We aren't much alike. Don is more like mother, and I am like father. Don isn't as restless as I am, for instance, although he is a long way from being phlegmatic. Father was very active. His surplus of energy really caused his death. I know I look like my father. Mother once showed me a picture of father at seventeen. The clothes were sort of funny, but it might have been me at the same age.

Dad was a victim of what Irvin S. Cobb calls "goat-feather gathering". He was vice-president of the New York rubber company, president of the country club, and a director in two banks. It was too much for him. He had a nervous breakdown. When the rubber company failed not long after that it was one blow too many. He didn't live long afterward. I was just sixteen then and preparing to enter Princeton.

With his death our whole life changed. We missed him so much, and for the first time in a happy, comfortable life I knew what sorrow meant. Most of our money was gone, too. I had to get out and rustle for myself. Don also had to go to work later. We had to give up our summers on Long Island and Nantucket, our schooling, and do something about making our own living.

I often wonder if I will lose everything I have saved when I am in my forties. Grandfather lost his fortune, and so did my father. I hope that the third time will be the charm—that Don and I will escape that misfortune.

I think that I had about the most amazing job that ever befell a boy in his 'teens. Of course, being a boy of that age and very impressed with my own importance, I abused my privileges. But I came awfully close to becoming a railroad man instead of an actor.

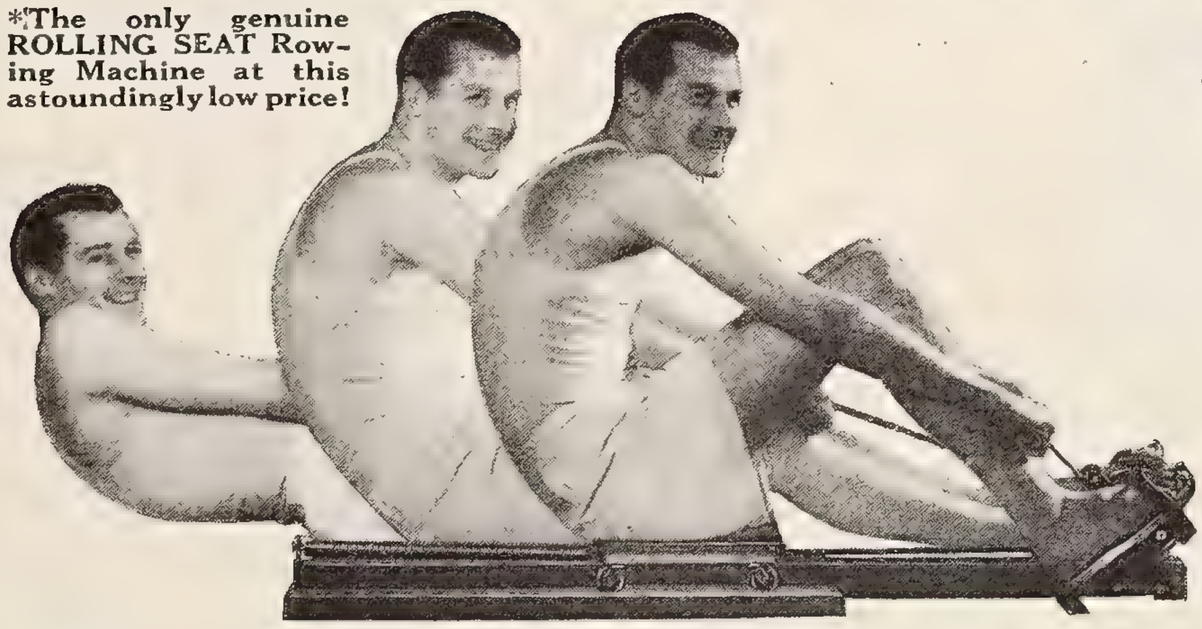
(*Continued next month*)

Be sure and read the next instalment of this fascinating Life Story of Bob Montgomery which will appear in the December SILVER SCREEN

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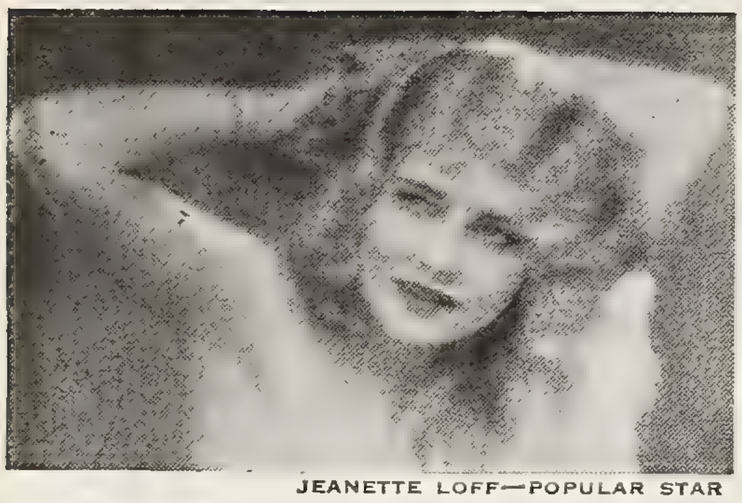
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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 4438, Chicago, Illinois

Popularity

[*Continued from page* 37]

For there's no disputing the fact that Lew makes us feel, with him, the trials and tribulations that he is suffering. Which trials and tribulations are the ordinary, everyday kind that might beset any of us, or our boy-friends.

And Lew can well take heart for his struggle back to popularity in the courageous attitude of Charles, the erstwhile Buddy Rogers. For Charles has had the nerve and stamina to start all over again.

When it became quite obvious that he was not able to sustain stardom, he gritted his teeth and accepted subordinate rôles. And as a result, is learning to troupe.

Not that Buddy ever was an actor. But after all, what girl expects her best beau to go around acting all the time. And Buddy was without a doubt the best boy-friend America ever had!

On the other hand, the prospect for William Haines to stage a comeback is not so good. For Billy, playboy and jokester that he is, has almost worn out his popularity. The novelty has worn off of his comedy—and comedy is the *one* thing that requires novelty above all else.

So, unless a miracle happens and Billy finds another forte for himself, I'm afraid that his cinema days are numbered. At least, that's what the box-office indicates. And the box-office is the decisive factor on motion picture careers.

At present the latest lad to skyrocket to fame is James Dunn, whose work in "Bad Girl", his first picture, augurs well for him. Dunn is a capable actor and he makes his characterization real. But whether he will be a one-picture-sensation star or not, only the future can tell.

And that's just the way we felt about Phillips Holmes when he made his film début in "Varsity". The moment we saw him, we liked Phil, and we were amazed at the depth and quality of his work. But, would it last, we wondered . . . after all, Phil was so young and save for a theatrical heritage, he had had no training. . . .

But Phil has more than justified the promise shown in those early films and continues to play on both our heart-strings and our tear-ducts.

To such an extent, in fact, that his work in "An American Tragedy" almost places him on the exalted plane where dwell the favored few whose popularity seems to continue throughout the years.

Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Gary Cooper and more recently Fredric March—all may be depended upon to give us adequate performances, with all the thrills, heart-breaks and heart-throbs that any girl can desire.

So the chances are that they, the chosen few, will retain their popularity for some time to come, while the others, the flashes in the pan, swirl about their feet in futile struggles to find for themselves permanent places on the slippery ladder of success. And still others who can prove their worth and their ability and their Genius—for that is what it really is that makes us like an actor—will climb still further toward the heights.

He's the Prince of Juveniles

[*Continued from page* 50]

ually promoted to bits, small parts, and finally to leading rôles. Between his first bit and his first lead stretched the inevitable period of hopes deferred, suspense, discouragement. He stuck it out spartanly, growing daily more dubious, however, about the possibility of success.

And then, all at once, he was a leading man. Opposite Evelyn Brent in "The Silver Horde".

And then, all at once, Hollywood became aware of him. Especially did the ladies of Hollywood become McCrea-conscious.

In swift succession, his name was linked with this and that dazzling luminary—Dorothy Mackaill, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies. At night-clubs, in hotel supper-rooms, at premieres and at parties, one could be fairly sure of seeing Joel McCrea. If he were there, you couldn't miss him—he was so tall, so prepossessing, accompanied by so luminous and luxurious a beauty. And so obviously out of his niche.

That was what caught the eye. He didn't belong. It was far easier to imagine him astride a pawing horse. Yet there he was, weaving expertly to the strains of a famous jazz band. It was far easier to imagine him in the free, rough raiment of a rider of the sage, a son of the soil. Yet there was his brawny height impeccably tailored and groomed. It was far easier to imagine him holding the hand of a shy, dewy girl in organdie. Yet there he was, embracing to loud music a jewelled, sophisticated darling of a thousand screens.

Then he made a picture with Constance Bennett—the most sophisticated, brilliant, worldly, imperious and wholly glamorous of the women he had met. During the making of that picture, "Born To Love", he began to be seen with the beautiful Bennett along all the sparkling highways of Hollywood nightlife. In the months that followed, he was seldom seen with anyone else. They were pointed out everywhere; their possible relationship was the subject of endless speculation. And dinner tables were rife with prophecies of "Hank's" eventual place in the life-scheme of Richard Bennett's capricious daughter.

"Hank," you know, is the Marquis Henri de Falaise de la Coudray, formerly the husband of Gloria Swanson and occupied, since his resignation, in paying ar-

dent court to the lovely Constance.

Here, during that period, is what Hollywood saw . . . The scintillant blonde Constance dividing her vivid attentions between the two men—Hank, the worldly and charming sophisticate; and Joel, the naive and slightly bewildered Californian. Sometimes, the three of them appeared together—more often, separately—but always it was in the brightest centre of social Hollywood.

That was the definite establishment of the anomaly—Joel McCrea, his simple heart hungry for simplicity, embroiled in the midst of Hollywood intrigue.

But anyone glancing at him as he squired Constance to this or that gathering of the cinema élite would momentarily overlook this subconscious uneasiness. His candid blue eyes, following the orchidaceous Bennett's every move, surely evidenced a feeling of something more than admiration and fascination.

And Hollywood's first reaction to the newspaper accounts of Connie's departure for Europe with the Marquis and their plans for an early marriage was sympathy for Joel. Genuine sympathy. For even calloused Hollywood was not immune to the simple, straightforward naivete of the boy who wanted to play cowboy more than anything else on earth. Hollywood's more discerning, aware of the real Joel, knew that it was for the best that Constance and the Marquis—who belong in the same world—wrote finis to her association with Joel. But also, they felt sorry for him—moving confusedly in an alien world, finally deserted by his enchanted princess.

They will always be friends, Joel says. "That's what it was in the first place, anyway—the finest friendship I've ever known. She is a wonderful person and I consider myself fortunate to know her."

Joel lives at home with his family. He is still simple, honest and clean-minded. He is still prey to twinges of bewilderment at the feverish world in which he finds himself.

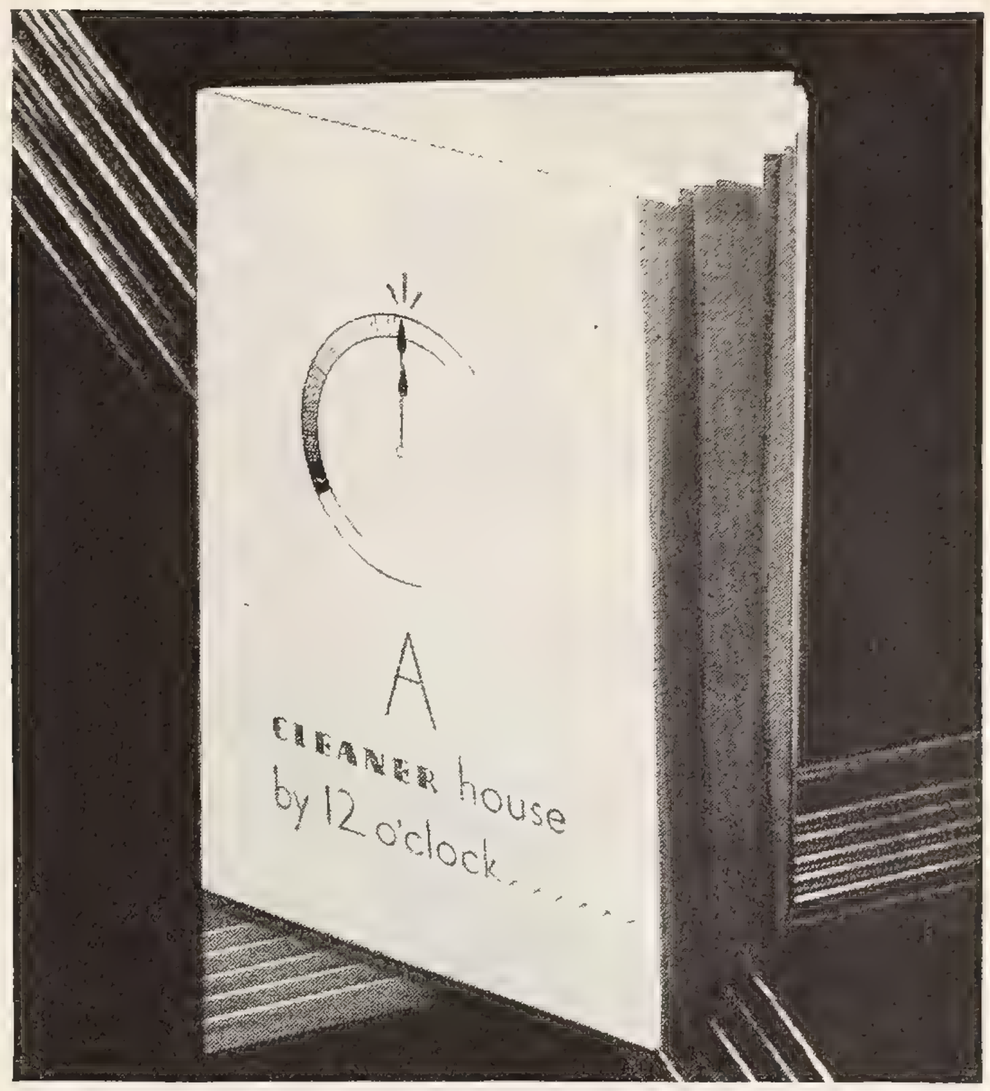
"I still haven't played a western. I am so darned sick of wearing boiled shirts and holding teacups. Besides, I'm not a good enough actor for parts like that. I'm not sensitive, like Phillips Holmes or brilliant, like Bob Montgomery. Those fellows have subtlety and expertness.

"I ought to be doing parts where I'd feel at home—in old clothes, riding horses. Then I could just walk through it and at least give it the semblance of naturalness."

Instead, he goes from one drawing-room drama to another and is, at present, being groomed for stardom. He cringes at the thought.

"I'm doing all right now as a leading-man. If they star me, I'm sure it will shorten my life as a player. And I don't want that. I want," and his eyes grow gentle as he says it, "to make enough money to buy a little ranch somewhere, with good horses and dogs. And make a few pictures a year—westerns—and always have my ranch to go to. Because I like fresh air, and wind, and miles and miles of sweeping land to ride across."

And in the meantime, Joel McCrea puts on make-up and holds teacups for silken stars, and explains—a puzzled look on his face—that he still considers Constance Bennett one of the loveliest women in the world, and waits for the escape to that little ranch somewhere.



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page 6-9

How to budget cleaning time

Save time by planning your housework, by making out a written cleaning schedule. This is known as "time budgeting,"—by budgeting time you make every minute "buy" the greatest possible results! Our free book gives details.

page 11

To wash dishes faster

The basis of all good dishwashing, whether you use sprays, dishwashing machines, or whatnot, is: well-scraped dishes, plenty of suds, and good hot water. Other time-saving methods suggested save precious minutes each day.

page 16

To make beds more "sleepable"

Is there anything more inviting, more luxurious, than clean, fresh sheets? ... and soft, fluffy blankets, and clean, unwrinkled pillow-slips? Our free book tells how to launder these the best way.

page 17

To keep a refrigerator spotless

Here's the easy way to keep refrigerators clean: wash up spills as they occur—with warm, soapy water. Spills attended to in time save elbow grease.

page 21

To remove common stains

Ink, iodine, hot chocolate, meat-juice. They're sometimes classed as difficult stains. But our free book tells how to remove these and many others.

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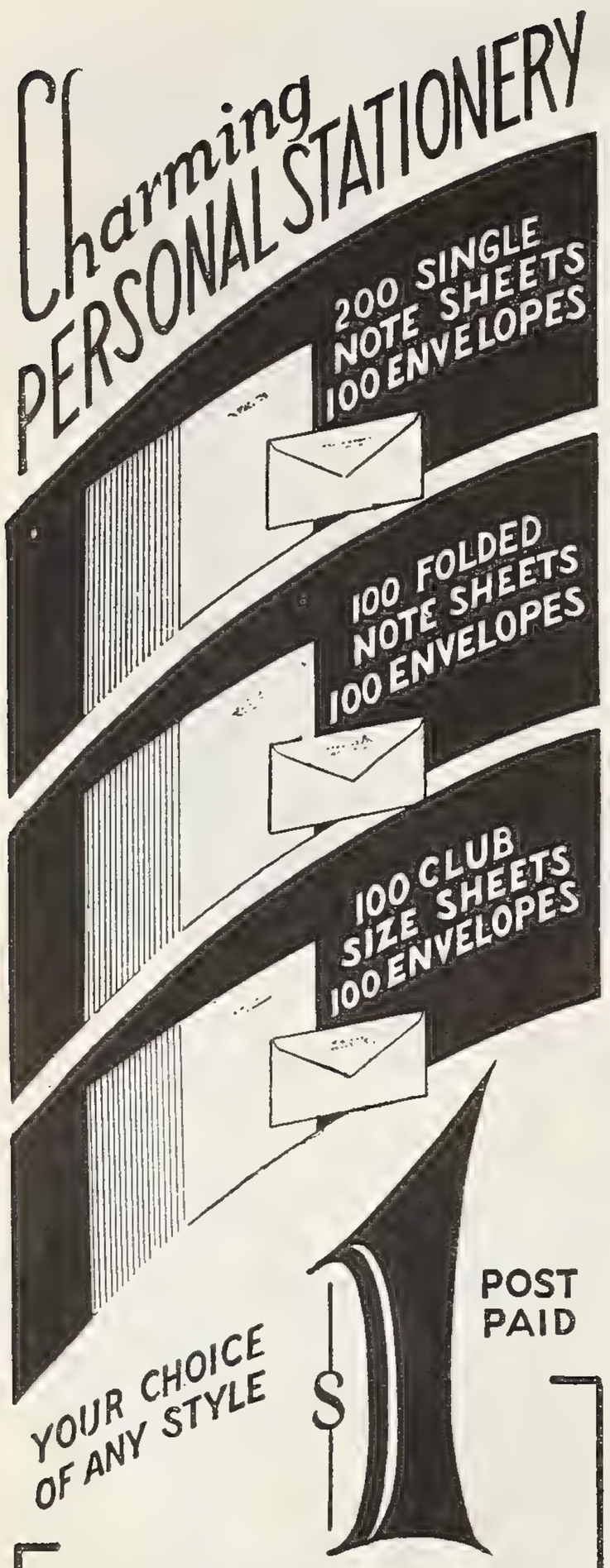
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Some Call Him a Genius

[*Continued from page* 20]

against staying in a play too long. He feels that he must move around, or become artistically crippled and stale. He loves to open in shows. He rarely closes in them.

He puts gilt on his toe-nails, but forgets to have his finger-nails manicured. He has a mania for baths, taking at least two a day, with a few showers in between.

After a number of indifferent pieces, he joined the Theatre Guild, to realize his ambition of playing with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The three were a great hit in "Caprice", playing it a year in New York, in London, and a notably successful run on the road.

If there is liquor at a party, he will drink it. If not he does not miss it. He likes highballs best because he thinks people talk best when there are highballs around.

Replacing Lunt in "Volpone" he scored one of the season's hits as the engagingly despicable *Gadfly*. This is his favorite rôle. He likes "actory" things; to dress up in outlandish costumes and do everything but chew the scenery.

In London he was one of the most sought-after young Americans ever to visit England. A great social success, visitors were forced to enter his elegant quarters through the bathroom.

Returning to the commercial theatre, he again played with Sylvia Sidney in "Many A Slip", and then was featured in Edwin Knopf's stock company in Baltimore for a summer engagement. Then a trip home for a visit (he'd been away for four years), and the offer of a picture contract.

HE DOES not think that pictures are the seventh heaven of an actor's dream. He has had success early and too long to be overwhelmingly thrilled by having people stare at him. He thinks the making of pictures that move is one of the hardest and most trying jobs in the world, and he is not making any more money at it than he was in far easier labor on the New York stage.

HE IS at his best in sports clothes and uniforms. He seems oddly out of place in the conventional dress of the young man of the period. He wears berets and his nose is usually peeling.

His great ambition is to play "Peer Gynt," and "The Playboy of the Western World." He does not think, however, that he ever will have the chance to do so. It would be a rare producer who would mount such a purely artistic endeavor.

He does not smoke. He likes to start on extended and fantastic journeys at a moment's notice. During these trips he is the best of companions, witty, good-humored, never tired. During his frequent fits of depression, however, he is about as cheerful as a caterpillar with bunions.

He scored so definitely in his first picture, "Paid", and followed this with an even more pronounced hit in "Five and Ten", that he has achieved virtual stardom in his third, "Waterloo Bridge".

He has the eyelashes of a school-girl, and one of the most powerful Australian crawls in the theatrical world.

He knows the lyrics of more obscure songs than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of the piano player in Harry's Bar in Paris. These he will sing with practically no encouragement and with less melody.

Eccentric as a March hare, he is one of the most charming and talented of the silver screen's array of glad, bad, mad, sad young men . . . and one of the most promising.

The Trans-Continental Wife

[*Continued from page* 39]

accordingly. That's simple isn't it?

"I would never be content to be 'the little woman' and Norman would simply burn up if any one ever so much as suggested that he was Mr. Colbert. Norman has his life to lead and I have mine. He's just been signed by Universal on a five year contract, and besides that he sold them a scenario. He also sold a play "Savage Rhythm", to John Golden before he left New York. I'm proud of Norman and I know he's headed for the top, and I don't ever want to stand in his way. We both work hard when we work, and when vacation time comes we play hard—together. In the East, in the West, or maybe in Europe. Oh, it's not such a bad arrangement.

"I was madly in love with Norman Foster when I married him four and a half years ago," she continued. "And I'm still madly in love with him. He's the one man in my life—and there'll never be another. I adore him—and I want all those silly rumors stopped. One of them almost ruined a holiday for me last summer," she added ruefully. "As you know, Norman came East in June and as soon as I could get away from the studio we went out to Montauk Point to spend our vacation. It's beautiful there and we had a marvelous time. Well, one day we were feeling particularly gala, so we decided to take a boat over to Shelter Island and sort of celebrate the fact that we were young and happy and in love. We were feeling awfully foolish and Winnie-the-Poohish and in a moment of carefree abandon we fell upon some fan magazines on the boat and started hunting for pictures of ourselves. What a mistake

that was. First thing we ran across was a horoscope some one had kindly made out for me, and Norman *would* stop and read it. It seems that I have the Sun in Aquarius and the Mercury in Capricorn, or something like that, and somehow Leo the Lion— No, he's for M-G-M stars—so it must have been Aries the Ram, or Virgo the Virgin got mixed up in it. It was all quite confusing and I wasn't exactly sure what I was—but one line caught Norman's attention, and how. It read, 'This means that Miss Colbert will marry three times (No, it couldn't have been Virgo the Virgin) and judging from all present indications she will marry for the second time this summer.'

" 'Well—how long has this been going on?' Norman demanded, simply blazing with fury. Of course, male-like he put all the blame on me immediately. It was well on its way to being a nice little family quarrel with perhaps a murder in the end when I luckily discovered that the horoscope said I was born in May. Now since I was actually born on September 13—everything was all wrong. Some other girl was destined to have three husbands—not me. I pointed out the gross mistake and Norman cooled down and regained his sense of humor. But he lost it again several days later when Walter Winchell's column broadcasted that the Colbert-Foster vehicle was creaking. Well, all I can say is that it positively is not true. Norman and I are both counting the days until we can be together in California. I make my next picture for Paramount out there, you know."

"But that dark, handsome stranger that you went to the opening of 'An American Tragedy' with," I insisted. "The gossip is that he's the new heart-throb."

CLAUDETTE went into a junior form of hysterics.

"He's dark and handsome all right," she said, "but hardly a stranger. Just my brother, that's all. So I'm two-timing Norman with my brother? Good heavens, it's beginning to look like a Greek tragedy." She was off again.

"I always get blamed for things I don't do. I innocently go to an opening with my brother—and get talked about. Whereas some people get away with little less than murder and it's considered of no importance. But even as a child I always got the blame. I was a sweet, docile little girl in school but whenever anything happened in that classroom the teacher pounced on me right away and I got the blame—and the punishment. I guess I have 'that look' about me."

Claudette certainly had "that look" about her that day. For a long time now she has been wanting to play a "character" part on the screen and has declared that she is darn sick of being a lady. At last her wish has been granted. In "Blind Cargo" she plays the rôle of Sal, a gal from a hot spot in Singapore. Now Sal wouldn't know about the Empress Eugenie (lucky gal) so she'd feel all dressed up in a tight fitting skirt up to her knees and a crepe de chine blouse, boldly exposing pink ribbons and lace. A camisole, I believe, if memory serves me well. Said blouse was pinned across the front with a large safety pin—which is symbolical of reformation in Singapore—and Gary Cooper has something to do with that. Oh, see the picture for yourself.

I rose to go. But one thing was bothering me. It's awful to be suspicious.

"I once wrote a life story of a movie star," I said wearily. "She loved her husband and said so. I thought she ought to know. So I wrote a grand romance and had them in a beautiful clinch for a fade-out in the third instalment. I sat up nights thinking up glamorous and romantic words. Would you believe it—before I could get that third instalment on the news stands that woman had divorced her husband and married another man. Heigh ho. I've been a long time living down that third instalment. And I've gotten wary and suspicious. Promise me, Claudette, that you won't divorce Norman before I get this story on the stands."

"I promise," Claudette said. "And my promise still holds good even if you delay publication for fifty years."

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Talkies in Tabloid

[*Continued from page* 14]

HUSH MONEY *Good (Fox)* Here's a pleasant picture with Joan Bennett doing nicely as the poor girl, broke and hungry, who innocently becomes the tool of a crook. When she gets out of jail she marries a wealthy young man whom she adores and everything is all right until her old associates start blackmailing her. You'll like Hardie Albright as the young husband.

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE *Fair (Universal)* Those who enjoyed "In Old Arizona" may like a similar yarn. If so, here it is. Dorothy Burgess is the local seductress, Leo Carrillo is the fascinating villain, and Johnny Mack Brown is the wholesome hero. A nice picture—if you haven't anything else to do.

LAUGHING SINNERS *Fair (M-G-M)* This may draw fans on the strength of Joan Crawford's acting, but it isn't up to the standard of her recent pictures. She plays a cabaret girl who joins the Salvation Army to blot out the memory of a great sin. But when she meets the man she loved, she falls again. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are the men.

LULLABY *Poor (M-G-M)* Get out your handkerchief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weepie. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusions. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

MAD GENIUS, THE *Good (Warners)* A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE *Fair (Paramount)* This picture is Ruth Chatterton and not much else. If you're a Chatterton fan you'll hug it to your heart, and if you're not you'll probably be bored. Ruth plays the rôle of a hard-boiled little café singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appease a blind boy (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE *Good (M-G-M)* Robert Montgomery in his second starring picture. He's a gay, irresponsible lad in "deah old Lunnon" who becomes a sheriff's assistant when his father turns him out of his house. He takes possession of the home of a young society woman whom his brother is trying to marry, believing her to be rich. Lots of light, amusing comedy with Irene Purcell and Charlotte Greenwood helping out with the fun.

MIRACLE WOMAN, THE *Splendid (Columbia)* A brilliantly directed study of modern evangelism that is bound to cause a lot of discussion if nothing else. Barbara Stanwyck plays the rôle of a young daughter of a good and pious old clergyman who is killed by the hypocrisy of his "flock". Enraged by this, Barbara decides to make a "trade" of religion. David Manners gives an appealing performance as the blind boy who loves the miracle woman.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK *Good (Paramount)* A first-rate mystery thriller that will bring out all the shivers and shudders, and make you afraid to go home in the dark. There's a graveyard, and a family vault, and sliding doors, and a half-wit, and a vampire, and one murder right after another. See it from the beginning so you won't miss any of the thrills. Lilyan Tashman and William Boyd have the leading rôles.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE *Fair (Paramount)* A hopelessly unbelievable story with Nancy Carroll going dramatic in a big way. It's about a vice-prosecutor (Fredric March) who falls in love with the daughter of a woman who runs a vice den and commits murder to protect her. You probably won't like Nancy's new hair cut.

NIGHT NURSE *Good (Warners)* Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse in a big hospital gets involved in a series of strange adventures when she is sent to take care of two youngsters who are ill. The lovely Stanwyck even has to take a sock on the chin from Clark Gable. Ben Lyon gives a good performance.

PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE *Good (M-G-M)* No longer the great lover, John Gilbert proves himself a darn good actor. He plays a young musician convicted of the murder of his sweetheart's father. How he escapes, finds the real murderer and wins back the girl makes an exciting story. Leila Hyams is the girl.

POLITICS *Good (M-G-M)* Marie Dressler and Polly Moran desert the stock market (and who hasn't?) and the beauty "shoppes" and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household battles. William Bakewell and Karen Morley supply the romance.

REBOUND *Good (R.K.O.-Pathé)* If you like sophistication you'll like this one. Ina Claire plays an ultra-modern girl in love. Not much action but lots of smart repartee. Robert Ames is the hero.

SECRET CALL, THE *Fair (Paramount)* Peggy Shannon's first picture and she's a knock-out, even though the picture is rather creaky old melodrama. That thar Shannon gal has a future, no foolin'. Peggy's father is ruined by a big politician, and seeking revenge she gets a job as telephone operator in the politician's hotel. At last her moment of revenge arrives—she holds the key to a sensational scandal with a phone number. Richard Arlen is the hero.

SIDE SHOW *Good (Warners)* Winnie Lightner is up to her old rough-house antics again. And this time she has the proper locale of a circus so she can have lots of noisy fun imperson-

ating a bearded lady and a high diver. There's a kid sister (Evalyn Knapp) and a barker and plenty of heartaches for Winnie.

SMART MONEY
Good
(Warners)

Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and high-powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good—also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House. This picture is almost as powerful as "Little Cæsar". James Cagney is good in a minor rôle, but Robinson is just grand.

SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE
Great
(Paramount)

Chevalier's best picture since "The Love Parade". Only Lubitsch could have directed it. It's sophisticated entertainment about a lieutenant who loves an entertainer in a beer garden but is forced to marry a princess. Claudette Colbert is lovely as the lieutenant's real sweetheart; but Miriam Hopkins plays the part of the princess with both humor and pathos.

SON OF INDIA
Fair
(M-G-M)

Ramon Novarro is hopelessly handicapped by an involved and implausible story. Ramon plays the son of a jewel merchant of India who falls in love with an American girl whom he cannot marry on account of racial prejudices. Madge Evans is the girl.

SPORTING BLOOD
Good
(M-G-M)

This race-track yarn will thrill you to the core and you'll probably get more genuine pleasure out of it than you've had in a month of Sundays. The story's about a horse and a girl (Madge Evans) who meet up with a crooked gambler and sink to the depths of shame. But both are thoroughbreds and when given the chance both come through with flying colors. Clark Gable is the hero. What a man!

SQUAW MAN, THE
Fair
(M-G-M)

Audiences have been crying over this tear-jerker for eighteen years, and it's still a touching story. This time it's Lupe Velez who plays the Indian girl who falls in love with the English nobleman who comes to America to forget. Warner Baxter is excellent.

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE
Splendid
(M-G-M)

Another Garbo hit that will line 'em up at the box office. Greta, the more sinned against than sinning Susan Lenox, runs away on her wedding day, joins a circus, falls in love, runs away again, falls in love again and marries. Sounds confusing—but it's all done in the grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is the leading man. Gable-Garbo, what more can you ask?

SVENGALI
Great
(Warners)

One of John Barrymore's best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengali a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilby deserted her sweetheart to rise to greatness as a singer. Marian Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilby.

THIS MODERN AGE
Fair
(M-G-M)

Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she lives with her not-so-nice mother in Paris and they go places and do things that are smart and shocking. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley both fall for Joan and Neil wins. Poor Monroe. You'll like the new blonde Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.



TRANS-ATLANTIC
Good
(Fox)

This is a better crook picture than you've seen in a long time. Edmund Lowe is a suave chap of shady dealings who is professionally interested in a banker and his securities. Earle Foxe, as a tough gentleman of the gat, is also interested in the banker. There is plenty of excitement on board the big boat bound for Europe. Lois Moran, Greta Nissen and Jean Hersholt are in the cast.

WATERLOO BRIDGE
Excellent
(Universal)

Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. It's the story of an English music hall girl who is forced by poverty to ply "the oldest trade" on London Bridge. One night she meets a young idealistic soldier who falls in love with her. Does she reveal her past? Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand and will bring tears of sympathy to the old eyes.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A
Fair
(R.K.O.-Pathé)

A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead to her being shot, and then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE
Good
(Paramount)

This one brings beautiful Eleanor Boardman back to the limelight in splendid fashion. She is the wife of a popular young artist who is given a chance to study in Paris by a rich society woman who has designs upon him. Just as the wife is about to secure a divorce the death of their litle girl brings them together again. Paul Lukas is the artist.

WYOMING WONDER, THE
Fair
(Fox)

If you like hard-riding, plenty of action, beautiful scenery and the average Western story, then don't miss this one. Galloping daredevil George O'Brien is at his best and his daring leaps on horseback will send cold shivers down your spine. Sally Eilers, Rita LaRoy and James Kirkwood are in the cast.

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID
Good
(Radio Pictures)

Richard Dix is billed as the star of this picture. He gives a good performance but Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper almost breaks your heart. You have eyes and ears only for him. Jackie plays a youngster left in the care of a gangster. He worships the gangster and is heartbroken when a judge sends him away. If this one doesn't make you cry, there's something wrong with your tear-ducts.

YOUNG SINNERS
Good
(Fox)

Thomas Meighan is great in a story that's just average. He plays a physical culture trainer who brings back to normal a young lad who has been disappointed in love and who has taken to drink as a result. Hardie Albright and Dorothy Jordan are supposed to be the young sinners, but they're so nice and clean-cut, you just don't believe it.

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Anecdotes of Janet Gaynor

[*Continued from page* 21]

over in accordance with her tastes. The thatched roof will cover an eighteenth century American living-room and a Frenchy dressing-room, dainty in pale blue and peach satins; a brass plate will bear her name in old English letters.

"I'm indulging my suppressed desires," Janet, thrilled over the acquisition, said. "I've always lived in rented, furnished houses. There is nothing in them that expresses me. I have waited to build until I could be quite sure of liking a locality. I get so restless."

She wants a Tudor house, being partial to English architecture. At present she and Mr. Peck, served by a cook and a chauffeur, are domiciled at Playa del Rey—a sequestered beach away from the seashore society of Malibu. Her mother lives in a cottage near-by. She has bought a bungalow for her aunt in a suburban town.

Her simplicity of nature remains unchanged since that day on the "Lucky Star" set when Lydell Peck, then courting her, was a visitor and she impulsively cried, "Come home with me for dinner tonight!" adding ruefully, "Only lamb chops, but they'll be good!"

Once when publicity pictures were being taken on a beautiful estate she was worried. "Suppose my friends in Florida think I live in a big house like this! They may say I've gone high-hat."

Idealistic and practical—that summarizes Janet. These two primary forces wage warfare in her spirit. Fighting for principles and aware of their cost, her stubborn absence from the screen, by which she forfeited forty-four thousand dollars, was an acutely miserable time.

Several people have been both credited and blamed, for her successes and mistakes. She believes that she should bear most of the responsibility for both.

Experience has cultivated a flexible emotional range along which she travels at her own will's command. Her art has been described as wholly impulsive. She has been reported as hysterical after her scenes had drained her frail strength and stimulated her nerves to a high, quivering pitch. Such statements make her seem a primitive child, incapable of intelligent use of her gifts. Her co-workers say that often she is worn out and wan after a strenuous day but that they never have seen her upset.

She is governed largely by a basic instinct to which, I think, she trusts more than mental wisdom. She just *feels* what is best for her, then enters whatever fray that necessitates, rather than thinking logically.

Her husband has been censured for having misadvised her. Those who have known her for years claim that her expensive insistence upon rôles she considered suitable was more like Janet, always actuated by a driving ambition, than like Lydell Peck, who was new to the intricate machinery of stardom's maintenance.

Willing to admit her mistakes when time has convinced her—and only time, not argument, can do so—she renounces the ideas which caused them. After reading ten thousand letters from her fan-mail, she finally agreed that such dramas as "Common Clay", which she once wanted to do, were not for her more delicate spirit.

Hyper-sensitive, she was hurt by the critics' panning of her first talkies. She declared that she knew her voice wasn't exceptional and that she never would sing again in a picture. Another decision thrown overboard. In "Delicious", for which George Gershwin wrote the music, her winged voice pipes its elfin melody, spraying decorative arias in smallish, crystal trills. She has been studying singing.

"I liked 'Sunny Side Up,'" she said. "I don't mind a 'Daddy Long-Legs' or a 'Merely Mary Ann.' I do *not* want, now,



Richard Arlen and Charles Starrett in "Touchdown" with Russ Saunders and other All-American Football stars. Gridiron or sound stage, Dick always gains a little ground

to get away from the whimsical, pathetic things. I merely object to straight leads that any one could do, silly things like 'High Society Blues.' "

Again teamed with Charlie, "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious" trail memories of "Seventh Heaven" but are lighter in tone.

Writers have represented Janet as only a mirror of her step-father, "Jonsey", a creation of his supreme, poetic faith. While his fine mind, traveling lanes of thought where beauty walked and believing implicitly that Janet was a child marked with special graces, early trained her budding mentality, no mention has been made of her inheritance of talent from her own father, an architect. He gave to her a love of art and the thrill of drama. Though grateful for Jonsey's inspirational confidence, Janet feels that, after due respect has been paid to all who aid, we succeed or fail because of our own inborn traits.

"My mother helped me more than any one, in encouraging me and in keeping up my optimism," she once said, with spirit.

"But Janet did it all herself!" friends insist.

It is seven years since Janet's—rather, Laura Gainer's—extra days. A prey to discouragement, it was only by deliberate will that she built up her confidence. Inclined, also, to a romantic attitude toward life, the shock of disillusionments made the period ensuing upon initial success a very unsettled one.

Her childlike fragility and her faculty for arousing the protective instinct have made people want to do things for her. When she was playing obscure bits at Universal, sharing a dressing-room with Fay Wray, and during her Hal Roach comedies, lads like George Lewis, and many of the studio employees, too, gladly obliged with rides home. On the old F.B.O. lot, George O'Hara, then prominent, went out of his way constantly to plug for her, begging directors to "give her a break". A young newspaper man was ceaseless in his efforts to promote her possibilities.

Her appeal to each of the men who have been fond of her has been identical, awakening that chivalry of serving. And it is odd that those for whom she has cared even a trifle bear a certain similarity. They all have a look about them of boyish ideals, a clean and shining quality. The dentist—her friends thought she would marry him—Charlie, the young newspaper critic, the college boys with whom she went out, Lydell Peck; observers have seen in each a repetition of a definite personality. It seems that Janet has cared for the same ideal in each, that she has loved the spirit rather than the man.

The rumors of her domestic riffs annoy her exceedingly; yet she refuses to be quoted, so one can merely look on and report. It is known that she and Lydell have quarreled; but what young couple escapes these tiffs? Only one momentary flare marred their last trip to Honolulu. Mr. Peck is inclined to dignity, not easily unbending in that impulsive expression which is Janet's naive charm. As the natives swarmed aboard the ship with *leis*, he declared gruffly that he "wouldn't put that thing around his neck". Janet glanced at him saucily and cajoled him into compliance.

Otherwise, their sojourn was a happy one. They and the Dick Arlens took adjoining houses. The long days through, Janet lay on the beach, reveling in the burning sun that she loves so intensely. All that is elemental in her exults in the heat of a hot sun, in its soothing caress.

A native woman came each evening to teach the girls South Sea dances, the rhythms of which, with the mystic subtleties that surround them, intrigued Janet. All the rich and warm feeling of the tropics kindled a responsive flame in her. When the boat was leaving, and the natives gathered on shore to sing "*Aloha!*" both Janet and Joby had to retire until they could control their sobs!

Such outbursts, however, are rare. Janet's poise has developed more rapidly than any other quality. Her shyness, that tense misery such as rendered her inarticulate when she met her idol, Gloria Swanson, has gone. On the equal footing of familiar rivalry, she meets the great with a serene assurance.

Her gain in womanly charm and presence makes one smile over those extra days when she confessed her fear, "Oh, if I should succeed, I would be so scared, and so out of place among them. I never would be able to carry it off properly."

At that time she had the typical fan's zeal, bringing to her class at business school pictures of the stars which she had clipped from magazines and whispering confidences about her "crushes".

Gloria and Mary Pickford remain idols of her thespian and her romantic yearnings; Garbo occupies a pedestal of deep regard.

However, Janet doesn't "rave" any more about anything. She takes people and situations equably, eager to get fun out of them but unimpressed by position, unafraid of circumstance. Yet her mind, despite its trend toward metaphysics, to which she attributes her cultivation of self-confidence, is not sophisticated.

Excepting Trine and Shelley, her reading is along lines that foster a reverie at once imaginative and active, rather than inducing thoughtful analysis. She likes such magazines as the *National Geographic;* travel stories delight her and history's heroines interest her.

Her pleasures are simple: swimming and sun-baking, romps with her big dogs—"*They're* exercising *me!*" she exclaims as they tug at the leash—the movies, the Bowl symphony concerts, and games at home with Virginia and Charlie Farrell, Lydell, and Tommy, the Englishwoman who is her secretary-companion. She is not adaptable to large crowds, preferring the inspirational intimacy of congenial understanding.

There is a madcap, restless streak that some day may become recklessness. One cannot safely groove her; speculation with such quicksilver qualities is futile. Mediocre she never will be; the romanticist in her will not be snuffed; either she will sail gloriously unto the heights or she will disappear.

May we not liken her to that "scorner of the ground" in her favorite poem, Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"? "Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass." I, still believing in Santa Claus and The Little People, have looked over my left shoulder at the new moon and wished that the wistful melody which is Janet Gaynor may whisper on and on.

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Turkey and Stuffings & Charlie Farrell!

[*Continued from page* 35]

every single bit of it herself. She really can cook beautifully, you know, and what she doesn't know about New England dishes isn't worth knowing!"

Virginia, who much prefers to be known as Mrs. Charles Farrell, will even do her own marketing for the dinner, so her husband said.

"My wife is a real home-maker," he went on. "Home is every bit as sacred to her as it is to me. She does not really care to work before the cameras again. Instead, she finds her greatest pleasure lies in her home, and how that girl does love to go marketing! She believes home-making offers a woman the finest possible career. She has splendid 'planning' ability and a fine head for business."

The Farrells live in Beverly Hills. Their home is like a bit of New England itself. Apparently rather small in its outward appearance, its interior is surprisingly expansive. Timberwork is used with good effect as a decorative feature in the living room and eighteenth century type furnishings lend the charm of a restful atmosphere.

According to their present plans, they will have Thanksgiving dinner alone, except perhaps, for a few close relatives. The Thanksgiving feeling of joyousness and gayety will be evident in the beauty of the table appointments. The linens used will be some they purchased when on their honeymoon in Italy.

Their repast will provide an abundance of the traditional Thanksgiving foods. "But not too much," insisted Charlie, with a grin. "It can be overdone, you know, so it will not be the old-time 'groaning board.' "

Asked to give his Thanksgiving Day menu, Charlie outlined the following:

"Mushroom and Tomato Soup, Roast Turkey, Dry Bread Stuffing, Grilled Sweet Potatoes, Giblet Gravy, Baby String Beans, Onions Au Gratin, Cranberry Jelly, Celery, Pumpkin Pie, Cheese, Nuts, Coffee, Mints, Fruit and Raisins."

"Just a bit different from the real New England lay-out," he exclaimed, "but you see, Virginia wanted certain things and so did I, so we compromised on the above."

"Do you remember the Thanksgiving Days of your boyhood, Charlie?" we asked.

"Do I?" ejaculated young Mr. Farrell, "I'll say I do! Those days I'll never forget. THANKSGIVING DAY BACK HOME! What a day it was—and what a difference in California to those younger days of mine in Massachusetts!

"I can remember so well how we all used to look forward eagerly to that day of days—TURKEY DAY! Days before that festive occasion dawned, my mother would get out all her kitchen utensils and bake rich fruit cake, mince, pumpkin and apple pies, plum and Indian puddings, cranberry sauce and jelly and all kinds of cookies. Her wide pantry shelves would be loaded to overflowing with these good things.

"On that most-important day, the family and most all our relatives from near and far would gather at our house. When dinner-time came we would all eat until we were full—we would omit the soup and the fancy dishes as everyone was anxious to get started with the huge, golden-brown turkey. Our dinner would usually consist of the following:

"Roast Turkey, Bread Stuffing with plenty of Sage, Giblet Gravy, Creamed Turnips, Mashed Squash, Sweet and Common Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Celery, Cranberry Sauce and Jelly, Indian Cornmeal Pudding, Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce, Pumpkin and Mince Pie, Fruits, Nuts, Raisins, Coffee, Sweet Cider, Cookies and Home-made Candy.

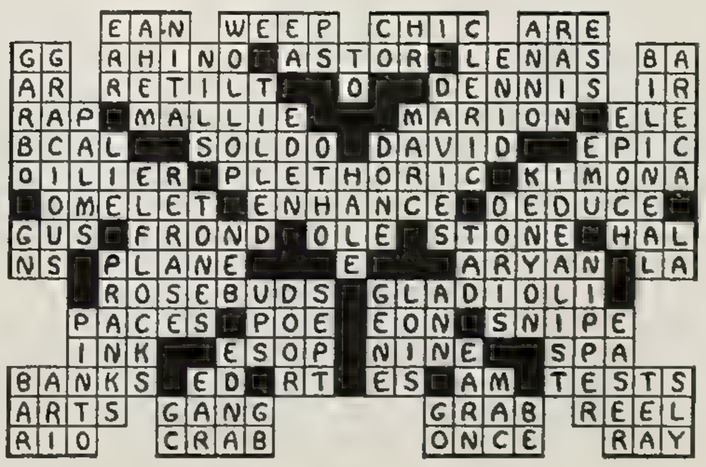
"We didn't eat all that, of course—each of us would take a helping of just what we wanted. There was enough variety to suit everyone.

"After dinner, we younger folks would get out our skates, pull on our fur caps and gloves and go out on a nearby pond until late in the afternoon. Sometimes we would have plenty of snow on Thanksgiving Day—in that case, we would get out the old 'double-runner' and go coasting down the hills and what fun we all would have!

"In the evening we would gather around our huge open fireplace, and listen to our elders tell tales of the 'olden days'. After a while, we would pop corn, toast marshmallows, eat apples and drink cider. New England folks always had plenty of cider on hand for the holidays—being of 'Puritan origin' they never used the liquors that the other states did.

"Sleighing parties, too, were popular with us," went on Charlie, "and if the

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



snow had fallen hard enough, the days following Thanksgiving were usually given up to this sport. We would get a crowd together—say perhaps ten or twelve—and set forth in a big old sleigh. Cuddling beneath heavy fur robes in the crisp night air, we would glide swiftly over hill and dale in the moonlight, singing and laughing in spite of the many bumps we usually received!

"Sometimes we would draw up at the home of one of the girls and all get out and go in and have hot chocolate, home made cake and fudge. Then we'd play the piano or someone would start the victrola and all of us would dance. At ten or half past ten, all of us would be back in our own homes. In those days we would have dinner at noon and supper at six o'clock, and at seven we'd be all ready for the evening's pleasure, whether it would be skating, coasting or sleighing or a party at a friend's house. And by eleven o'clock at the latest, all of us would be sound asleep! Some difference from Hollywood, where our pleasures begin at about the hour mine used to end in New England!" sighed Charlie and there was a far-away look in his eyes.

We suppose he was thinking of his sweet little mother whom he lost so tragically sudden last Christmas. It was her loving spirit and understanding heart which made her son's boyhood days so happy—we know because we had the pleasure of personally knowing and greatly admiring Mrs. Farrell.

"Those boyhood Thanksgivings were among the happiest I ever expect to have," broke in Charlie on our thoughts. "California, of course, is delightful, but imagine New England under its Thanksgiving mantle of snow! The picturesque landscape! The white-clad trees! The mirror-like ponds! The icy streets and walks! The cool, refreshing breezes! You can say what you will, there is no more enchanting place in winter than old little New England! I love the snow and ice, anyway, and I hope with all my heart that Virginia and I will be able to spend many future holiday seasons in that romantic environment, with distant sleigh-bells tinkling and a big log burning briskly on a friendly hearth!"

While Charlie was staring into space and dreaming of sleigh-bells and snowdrifts, we studied him intently and came to the following conclusions:

He is a lover of good, clean fun, and particularly enjoys winter sports. Highballs, cocktails, wild orgies and such don't interest him the least bit.

He is in no danger of ever "going Hollywood", to use a trite phrase—instead, he is remarkably youthful for all of his twenty-eight or nine years, and while he has a certain amount of New England reserve, he is, for all that, exceedingly democratic.

He is vitally interested in his film work and accordingly, as long as he is on the screen and as long as the studios are located in Hollywood, Hollywood will be his home.

He loves California and has many ties and friendships which bind him here, but his heart is really in the state of his birth. New England he loves and always will.

Scratch a Californian they say and you'll find a New Englander. Scratch Charlie Farrell and you'll find one that is proud of it.

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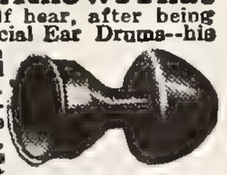
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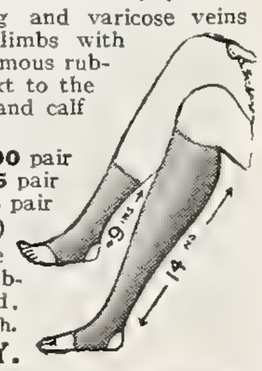
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"Just One More Chance"

[*Continued from page* 19]

my family that day and soon learned the cause of my woe. 'I know John Ford,' he said. 'I'll speak to him about you.' But I had had too many disappointments to attach any importance to his words. Hope was only a futile thing after all. But sure enough the next day John Ford (the director) called me over to the Fox lot for a try-out. And I got the part."

Sally's work as the whimsical heroine of this picture brought her a contract with Fox. She has nothing to worry about now.

She was looking most chic that day I lunched with her. She wore a lovely little ensemble topped off by the Eugenie Curse. She was so happy. Why you could almost hear her humming "Happy Days Are Here Again." With childish delight she described the shopping she had done.

"But, Sally, don't throw your money around so lavishly this time," I said in my most ominous "depression-gwine-git-yer-if-yer-don't-watch-out" voice.

"Oh I've learned that lesson too," she laughed. "I have an arrangement with Fox whereas they are to keep a part of my salary in a trust fund for me. If I don't see it I can't spend it. But it's so grand to have a little of this again (she indicated the beauty and luxury of the Japanese Garden) after those miserable months of cafeterias. And I'm flying back to Hollywood in the morning. Isn't it thrilling?"

Good luck, Sally. You're a swell kid.

"Give me—one more chance," Adolphe Menjou asked of Hollywood. After some delay he got it. Today Menjou the magnificent, the exquisite, the dilletante, is more firmly entrenched in the hearts of his public—and his directors—than ever before. Yesterday he was a myth—unknown by a new generation of fans, almost forgotten by the old. Menjou was a "type" and it was that typing that quickly hoisted him to lofty heights, and then just as quickly let him fall. There was only one type of rôle that the suave Menjou was allowed to play—and that rôle got sillier and sillier. Even his most ardent admirers had to snicker.

The Big Moguls of Hollywood called a conference. The public had become apathetic. Menjou was through. About that time talking pictures came in. Menjou could talk as well as the best of them, but the sentence had been passed. "Menjou was through." Through, was he? Not by a long shot. He'd show them. In a huff he went to Europe—and to foreign pictures. But the old nostalgia for Hollywood was there. "Just one more chance," he asked.

Lewis Milestone gave it to him when he selected him for the rôle of *Walter Burns* in "The Front Page." The fastidious Menjou a hard-boiled, hard-sweating managing editor? Impossible! The whole movie world gave him the razzberry.

Pat O'Brien, the popular *Hildy Johnson* of "The Front Page," told me a story that is typical of public opinion of the time.

"I never will forget the day that we learned that Menjou had gotten the fat rôle of *Walter Burns*. A groan went up all over the studio. That sissy, perfumed ham couldn't play a newspaper man—he wasn't the type. We began to doubt that Lewis Milestone was a genius. As Menjou entered the room where we were waiting to begin rehearsals we glared at his neatly creased pants, his fawn colored gloves, his stick and his derby. 'Well, there goes our picture all right, all right. It'll be the biggest flop of the century,' one of the boys muttered. To keep from trampling on Menjou we started a crap game. The dice were mine and I was rolling naturals like nobody's business. Somebody dropped to the floor beside me and gave me a punch in the ribs. 'Say, you mug, give me a chance at those babies. Papa needs new shoes.' It was Menjou. When the game was over Menjou's collar was off and his shirt was open, and he had won all our dough—as well as our undying respect. There never was a more square-shooting guy. All the fellows were crazy about him before the picture was over—and I don't have to tell you what a whopping success he was as *Walter Burns*."

"Please, Hollywood,—just one more chance." Lovely, frail, exotic, moon-glade of a woman . . . Dolores Del Rio . . . her voice trembling and tears glistening on her long lashes. Too young to be forgotten, too lovely, too talented. A heedless world passes on. New faces, new favorites . . . it is so easy to forget . . .

As *Ramona* Dolores Del Rio rose to the dizzy pinnacles of success, and the adoration of millions went to her head, dazzled her, and she lost her balance. She was Queen for a day—but when night came she was shivering in the corridors of despair. A relentless Fate pursued her, dragging her down, down to the depths. Her lovable husband, Jaime Del Rio, died in Berlin, with Dolores name on his lips—but she couldn't hear him calling her for the cheers of the public were so lusty, and the music of the dance-halls was so loud, and there was another man whose voice she answered now. Jaime died, and that other man left her, and the world grew weary of her playing, and her contract was not renewed. Dolores Del Rio was through. She had burned her candle at both ends.

But suffering and humiliation have a way of burning up a soul, reducing to ashes all that is cheap and petty, and leaving only the gold. Today Dolores is a new woman and a finer woman. She has learned her lesson in the sad school of experience and it reflects in her acting, giving it a poignancy, a depth of character that was never there before. But Hollywood was wary of her. Dolores belonged to those silent days, long since forgotten though it was only a year or so ago . . . and she had had her chance and muffed it. "Just one more chance," begged Dolores, "I can make good if you will only give me one more chance." Radio Pictures heard her plea, and listened. They gave her a test. It was marvelous—superb—a Dolores better than ever before.

When you see "The Dove" soon you will be glad that Dolores got that "one more chance". She knew what to do with it.

Haunting, plaintive words whispered in the twilight of a Hollywood dawn when frail thoughts flit through the gray shadows of the mind. "Just one more chance."



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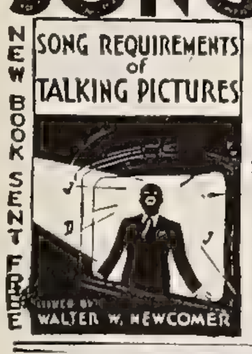
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"Breezy Joan Blondell"

[*Continued from page* 26]

It was in the last production that Warners was made Joan Blondell-conscious and they imported her to do fifteen pictures in twelve months.

In those fifteen productions Joan has played every variety of tough girl ranging from dame to moll and return via skirt and broad. She's even been a bimbo and jane not to mention frail and ball-and-chain.

But Joan wants to go straight!

"I want to be a loidy!" she complains in her best West End accent. "Because I've been so many hard types I'm beginning to stiffen.

"Now, however, I think I've been given a chance in the right direction for Samuel Goldwyn has chosen me to play the rôle of *Schatze* in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It.'

"It isn't the part of a lady in the literal sense of the word—but there are ladies and ladies. *Schatze* is one of the 'and ladies.' I may be more interested in the security offered by men in stocks and bonds rather than that of their encircling arms, but at least I wear gorgeous clothes, the new Chanel models, by the way, live in sumptuous quarters and am not the half-starved chorine I have appeared on the screen.

"If I succeed in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It' I'll be on my road to what I consider ultimate success. This means that I'll be working forever and ever and eventually do a little travelling. I want to go to the places that father took me to when I was a kid and see them all over again. There's Germany, France and Australia. You see I've been around the world three times and made the trip across the United States fifty-six times (but never had as many laughs as I did in the last year during my picture work)."

Joan's been worked so hard she once put on an old sweater, slouch hat and a pair of boots and, without telling a soul, sneaked off to Wheeler Springs for a four day rest.

Joan got so many parts to study she had to move out of her parents' home and take a lonesome place for herself.

"With the kid sister hoofin' on the back porch and father trying out a new act with mother on the front porch, and the crickets and things rubbing their wings together under the house, I didn't get a moment's peace while trying to study lines.

"So I moved out in the hills. But the last time I got a ticket and my name and address appeared in the papers the people began flocking to my door as if I had invented a mousetrap. I suppose I'll have to move again. After all I can't be awakened at four in the morning to have the milkman ask me for my autograph. Yep, that's what happened.

"Assumed names aren't any good in Hollywood—you have to wear smoked glasses and a mustache or be the lady much sought after by your public. Not that we don't like it but when I take a bath I like to take a bath."

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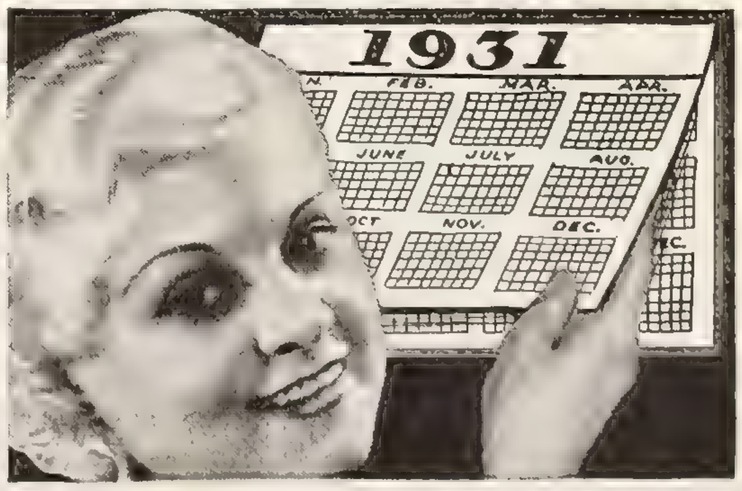
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"O. K. Jimmie"

[*Continued from page* 38]

change is the same in any language, but The Gifted speak only New Yorkese and it's not so much in that lingo.

"When that was gone," Jimmie confessed, "I hit the rocks. The manager of the hotel where I was staying had faith in me, though, and he let my bill go on the cuff. Usually they don't let you run up a bill of over $50 but mine had gone to $250 when I left. The meals were the hard part. I had to manage them as best I could and when I could. Some days I et, no doubt, and some days I didn't.

"Then M-G-M sent me out to the Fox New York studio to make a test and some chap at Fox saw me and liked me and told me if M-G-M didn't take up the option to come back and see him, so I did and here I am."

He reached for a cigarette and I returned to a perusal of his biography. "Wears good clothes and has an extensive wardrobe." Mr. Dunn was attired in a pair of slacks and sweat shirt, á là Jack Oakie. I surveyed him disapprovingly. "Lookit how you're dressed," I reproved him.

"Gosh," said Jimmie enthusiastically, "isn't it swell the way you can go 'round out here? I only get dressed up for pictures and dates, if any."

"It says here," I insisted, "that you're a swell dresser. Look at you."

"You're not so hot yourself," he said.

Jimmie grinned some more. "It's sure swell out here. I don't say I never want to see New York again but I'd certainly rather live out here. For the first time in three years, mother and I are living together and it's great. Come up sometime and meet her and see our place," he added.

I returned to the biography. "Pastimes include golf, swimming and tennis: likes to swim." A little inquiry on the outside elicited the information that he swings a mean golf club, his score usually ranging from the upper seventies to the low eighties.

My reveries were interrupted. "How about going up with me now and having a squint at our place?" he asked.

The shock caused by the invitation brought on another attack of asthma. These Hollywood invitations "come up *sometime*" are usually still-born.

We piled into Jimmie's *fiacre* and off we went. En route, we stopped at a filling station. "Hi, Chuck—hi, Tom," Jimmie greeted the attendants, and then turned to me. "This is Mr. Mook, boys. Treat him with respect if he ever comes in alone."

The journey was continued and presently we arrived at the Villa Dunn. It is a rambling structure that sprawls over the side of a hill. An enormous living room that would be the death of one of our prissy decorators but which has the saving grace of being homelike, a couple of bedrooms almost as large, and beds, in comparison to which Heliogabalus' community affair for his twelve wives would seem Lilliputian.

The butler (?) stuck his head in the door. He was attired in white flannels and sports shoes. "Got a cigarette?" he inquired.

"Sure," said Jimmie, and turned to me. "This is Leonard."

"Glad to meet you," said Leonard and turned to Jimmie. "That man's here again." He departed.

"Leonard's a nice guy," Jimmie volunteered.

"His mug looks familiar. Who was he with before you got him?"

"Search me," Jimmie answered. "He's down on his luck so he had to do something until things get better. It's nice for both of us. He gets a good home and something on the side and we get a much nicer boy around the house than we ordinarily could."

We played a game of backgammon. Jimmie's not so good.

"Lookit," he said, pushing the board aside. "That guy in the filling station—he's not doing so well. He's a nice guy and I was wondering if it would be a good idea for me to buy a little hunk of his business? They've promised to do pretty well by me over at the studio. I just finished that swell part in 'Bad Girl' and now I'm starting 'Sob Sister' and after that I'm to do the part in 'Over the Hill' that made Johnnie Walker famous, so it looks as if I'll be around awhile. I ought to be making some investments. They told me at the studio they're going to star me after a few more pictures. What do you think?"

I wasn't thinking so much as wondering. Wondering what he will be like in a year from now when the thousand and one friends a boy with Jimmie's temperament is sure to make, have all given him unsought advice—when he had learned that a studio's promises to a newcomer on the lot are as glowing as a rainbow and about as concrete as the pot of gold at its end. A boy might live twenty-six years in New Rochelle and New York and still believe in Santa Claus, but Hollywood is the dumping ground of dreams.

A year from now when that likable grin has hardened and he has learned it isn't necessary to ask for advice (everybody gives it to you anyway out here)—James Dunn may be a bit more reserved. But Jimmie as he is today? He isn't only informally *yours*, he's at home—informally—to the wide, wide world and one of the grandest "guys" I've ever met!

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Beauty's First Law

[*Continued from page* 6]

at least fifteen minutes every afternoon (or two minutes flat on the floor if there is no other way) and older women should stay in bed half a day every week besides a daily relaxation. Don't wait until you are exhausted!

It is much better to be tired and know it than to gain a false energy by stimulants. Sometimes fatigue is merely a matter of tense nerves. Then a hot bath followed by a cold shower will make you feel as good as new. The hot water evens your circulation and relaxes you—the cold water puts you back at "attention" without tension. It makes you feel fresh for an evening's pleasure after a day of work.

Certainly no woman can look beautiful if she is making an effort to pretend pep and gaiety. And vitality alone makes dignity convincing.

Fatigue is a staunch ally of the next and last greatest enemy of beauty. It opens the door, invites, and prepares the way for—IRRITABILITY!

This monster has so many different disguises that it is not always possible to recognize him at first sight. Sometimes he appears as "righteous indignation". Remember the story of the justly (?) angry woman who was telling a man of a quarrel she had had with another woman. Flashing eyes and tense jaws showed her ugly mood as she said,—"and I certainly gave her a piece of my mind!" The man replied, "But my dear, you were much too generous, you really haven't any to spare."

Let's not depress our good spirits by too close a view of the tragedies in living and the ravages in looks caused by irritability. For its expressions are as numberless as the deadly red African ants that devour men in the jungle. No one of them alone could destroy, but they multiply so rapidly that once they get started, well,—it's just too bad.

If we keep ourselves, exquisitely, beautifully, daintily clean and vitally rested, why, we feel so good that we wouldn't know irritability if we met it face to face. We'd laugh it off and its power would be gone! Then it's so much easier to have the sweet feminine face that matches the romantic styles.

For a daintier appearance while you are bleaching your tan there are a number of good liquid powders. But be sure to use one that is just a trifle lighter than your skin else the contrast will be too great. A good plan is to have a bottle the color of your skin and a bottle of white. Then you can mix the desired shade and keep just a little ahead of your tan until you are really fair.

Be sure your liquid powder is not the drying kind, but get one that contains an oil to keep your skin soft. The best kinds do not rub off easily.

Make up sparingly. There must be nothing sharp or jarring in the romantic mood that is slowly possessing us.

Rout the three greatest enemies of beauty—give yourself over to the graces of the new mode—and you'll make the hit of your life this winter!

Next month—Beauty To Give Away.



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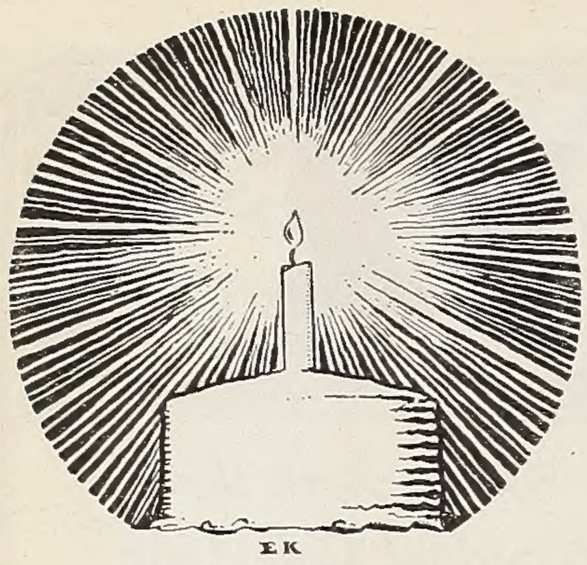


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The Final Fling

A TREMENDOUS upheaval is taking place in the picture business right now and the result will determine the kind of stories that will be selected for future pictures.

The producers do not know what type of story is wanted. They believe and are backing their beliefs strongly that a new day is at hand for the screen and that no story now is beyond the capabilities of the talking pictures. This situation developed after the success of "Disraeli", and then came the success of "Daddy Long Legs" to confuse the issue.

So the question could no longer be evaded and now it is being put up to you, the jury, by the producers. The success or failure of the present pictures will determine the sort of story you will get after this.

Do you want the drama of real life like "Street Scene", "Bad Girl" and "An American Tragedy", or do you want the old hokum, like every success of the past including "Daddy Long Legs"?

Do you want the believable human figures like those you know, that Life really shapes upon the anvil of our times, or do you want the improbable heroes in unlikely coincidences which heretofore have made up the stereotyped movie plots?

* * *

Some critics say that it is all a matter of intelligence, that realism reaches the educated and hokum delights the stupid. We do not agree. "An American Tragedy" is realism and it is also rather slow. The tears start when the mother reaches through the prison bars to her boy, but the picture as a whole is too exasperatingly logical. After all, pictures are entertainment. In "Bad Girl" there is realism and some hokum and it is very stirring. Maybe there never could be as unselfish a hero as Eddie, but James Dunn makes him seem real. In "Street Scene" we have the triumph of realism. Exciting as reality and with no lessons to teach. There is not one virtue to shine down upon us. It is a believable, thrilling, intelligent picture.

Well, there they are. What will be your verdict?

* * *

The producers are afraid of hokum. They remember too clearly the Mary Pickford era when the sweet and pure heroines led the movies to the edge of the cliff where the producers staring down could see only a very dark future.

The hokum movies were flopping.

Men would not go to the picture theatres and bragged of it and women, too, began to doubt. The fourth greatest industry was becoming a cute thing for children. Talking pictures saved the screen. For what? The answer is being rendered this month by you of the Grand Jury in the case of Realism vs. Hokum.

* * *

IN THE ancient days the story teller by the campfire told of the great doings of mighty warriors; the lowly shepherd could not break into a legend unless a princess reached down to him. And that *all* was hokum. Most people like to believe that there are wonderful souls and great loves.

While we hate to feel we are thwarting the onward march of culture, we hope some hokum will be left in pictures because there is some even in real life. Do you think that when a fireman goes into a burning tenement he does it only to earn his pay?

No, the belief in fundamental justice and love may not be intelligent, but it's a part of all of us, anyhow.

So shall we have a few princesses among the goat herds?

You tell us!

* * *

THIS is SILVER SCREEN's birthday—one year old. Our birthday cake is a big one (about 500,000 copies sold last month) and we take a great pride in it. Thank you for everything.

The Editor



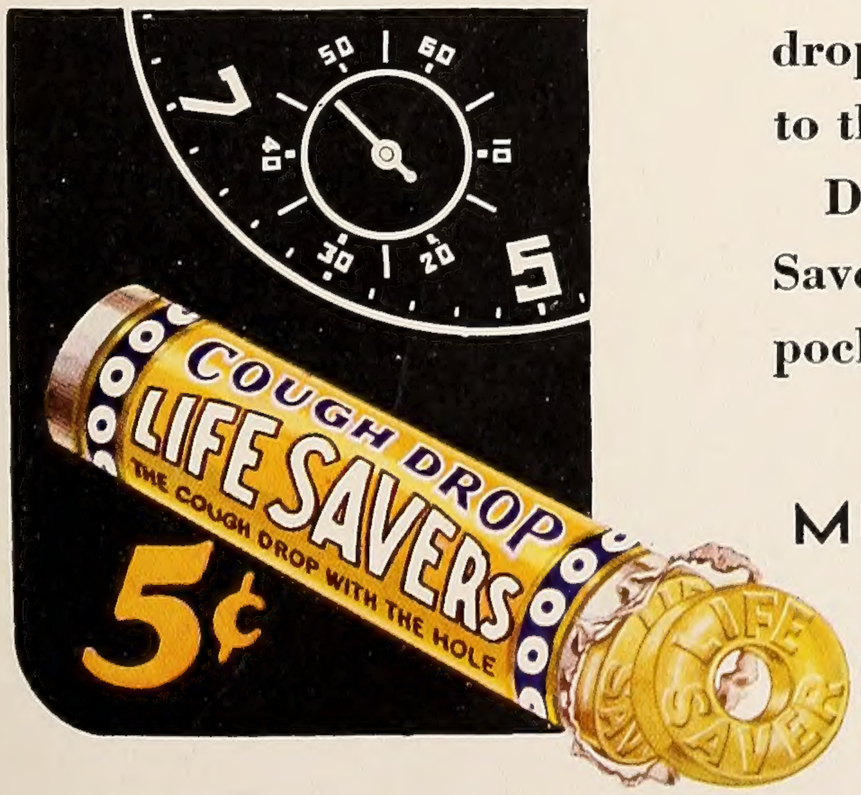
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IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE





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